THE COMMONWEAL

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MR. MORROW SPEAKS OUT

FEW political débuts have been more sensational than Mr. Dwight Morrow's. For anything comparable one would have to go back to Bryan's Cross of Gold speech, or even to the first slavery addresses of Abraham Lincoln. The man who stepped out upon the stage of Krueger's Auditorium, Newark, to inaugurate a campaign as Republican candidate for the Senate from New Jersey, had precious little political savor. He experiences the normal hard-working financier's shyness in the presence of oratorical gestures and figures of speech. Known to the public at large as one of "Morgan's men," endowed with a good deal of intelligence and a record of distinguished public service in Mexico, he has probably been advertised still more widely as Lindbergh's baggy-trousered father-in-law. Of such a man it might have been expected either that he would be laconic like Mr. Coolidge or that he would talk government efficiency in the guarded language of Mr. Herbert Hoover.

Instead of that he treated the Republican party to as great a shock as it has experienced in a generation. The shock may eventually prove to have blown things about a bit, but it is—at last—a sign of vitality. "Tonight," he said, reading from a carefully prepared manuscript, "I am going to discuss prohibition." Not as a policy, a problem or an experiment. Simply and solely as an affair of practical government. In states where drought is desired, it seems to prevail fairly widely; where it is not wanted, we have, "as a result, a lawless unregulated liquor traffic attended by shocking corruption"—and a resentment not entirely due "to a desire for unlimited license to be intemperate." Therefore Mr. Morrow professed to believe that the way out "involves a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitution therefor of an amendment which will restore to the states the power to determine their policy toward the liquor traffic and vest in the federal government power to give all possible protection and assistance to those states that desire complete prohibition."

It is difficult to estimate the immediate effect of this pronouncement. Inside New Jersey one result was to project into the campaign Mr. Franklin Fort, representative, intimate crony of Mr. Hoover and former Republican National Committeeman. Mr. Fort came forward solely to defend the Amendment—and to prevent the G.O.P. from painting itself heel and head with the colors of antidrought warfare. The rest of

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the New Jersey political scenery, always deceptive and likely to change in some unpredictable spot, is tottering at every angle. Some folk say that Democratic chieftains in the Garden commonwealth will divert a portion of their cohorts to Republicanism during the primaries thus defeating Mr. Morrow and guaranteeing victory to their own man. All of which remains to be seen.

What cannot be doubted is the national significance of Mr. Morrow's action. There is no secret about his rise to a position of importance in the political councils of the nation. He has been the trusted squire of Presidents, the confidant of outstanding industrial leaders, the reliable prognosticator of trends in public sentiment. His speech can only mean that, after a silence of more than ten years, one great wing of the Republican party—and not the least conservative at that—has been led to believe that the conduct of government is hampered most seriously by prohibition. We applaud it wholeheartedly. The question is no longer whether the existing dry Amendment is intrinsically right or wrong, from the social point of view. Even the value of teetotalism is not under debate. The thing of importance is that the Amendment proposed a solution of the liquor problem which a vast body of citizens not only feel is incorrect but which they oppose with determination.

They will by no means agree that this law, which is not the embodiment of a principle but simply a statute, must be considered final and ineradicable. And since this is a nation founded on republican principles, there is no way out excepting to attempt to settle the matter again, in a different way if possible. The public can expect of a candidate for office no greater honesty than that he should speak out this truth, and stake his destiny on the result. Nor could it expect any more of a political party. But if prohibition is to become a central governmental issue, we must be prepared for a great deal of fierce skirmishing which may sometimes prove ugly and, perhaps, reminiscent of older debates which once divided the country into hostile factions. Cannonism may only be a sample of what the clash will bring forth. Accordingly the advocates of repeal or modification will aid their cause greatly if they see to it that candidates professing their views are something better than one-issue pseudostatesmen. It is a matter of record that wet standard-bearers have often been openly pledged to interests identified with the old-fashioned, wide-open town. From this point of view Mr. Morrow has obviously set a standard and an example. He has earned a title to public esteem as a sensible and efficient public servant. He has stated the issue as it needs to be stated, even if his advocacy of repeal can only be preliminary to any complete disposition of the liquor traffic. This model will not always be easy to live up to. But it must always be kept securely in sight. Remember that, wholly apart from matters of civic welfare, every voter yearns for sweetness and light on election day.

WEEK BY WEEK

JUDGING from statements made by Dr. Clarence True Wilson before the Senate Lobby Committee, it seems correct to say that the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Morals has for the second of its chief objects defending the United States against the machinations of Rome. Or, it is possibly more correct to assert, against the machinations of all other religious groups. The forces which supported Al Smith—we seem to recall that they comprised several million citizens—were characterized by Dr. Wilson as "the worst combination that ever got together to scuttle the ship of state," led by villains who covered up their "diabolical designs by lecturing the Christian people of the land on tolerance." Indeed the deep-laid schemes of these sinister folk included getting the consent of the Pope "for all Sisters of Charity, all nurses, all the inmates of nunneries, to register and to vote, with the expectation that they would make it unanimous for a son of the Church." Nor were Catholics the only plotters. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, for example, followed a natural "predeliction" in supporting Tammany Hall—a predeliction which does not astonish Dr. Wilson, "because his father was a Presbyterian preacher of the same stripe." To these sundry temperate remarks, the spokesman for the League of Divine Origin appended not a few statistics to prove that his organization is on the job.

Unholy War

THERE are, however, a few details which seem to have been overlooked in this analysis and declaration of war. It may well be that no Catholic candidate can run triumphantly for President, in view of lingering fear of "Roman domination" and of the weakness of the Democratic party. But, after all, things are heading for a point where no Methodist can run qua Methodist either. The membership of Bishop Cannon's church, throwing in all branches and even "heretics," is less than 10 percent of the country's population. Ecclesiastical statisticians have asserted, moreover, that all signs of growth have disappeared. The result is pretty evident: a lobby which represents a small fraction of the citizenry is going to be up against something more difficult than the ridiculously hypothetical electoral schemes of the Pope, or Dr. Van Dyke's ancestors. It is going to face the fact that the more than fifty million Americans who belong to no church—plus a good many more millions who belong to some other church—are becoming frightfully weary of everything that Dr. Wilson represents. We shall enjoy watching the outcome. Convinced that Catholic willingness to serve the nation must find some other outlet than office-seeking—that, indeed, it cannot be too distinterested or too modest—we shall find plenty of comfort in the sure knowledge that Dr. Wilson is headed back for the styx where he belongs.

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INDIA continues to indulge in riots, apparently without organized plan and with remarkably little violence, all things considered. Most of the chief nationalist leaders are in jail—Gandhi long since, Madame Naidu, Gandhi's three sons, and a number of other less important leaders whose names are unfamiliar to Americans. The British have been very careful not to play into the nationalists' hands by severe measures of repression. The result has been a growing belief among ignorant Indians that the British raj has ceased to exist. This has complicated the situation considerably by giving rise to what might well be called "private" riots, the most important being those between Moslems and Hindus and between Indians and Burmans. The Afghan frontier, the "port of entry" for Russian agitation, has continued to be the seat of serious guerilla warfare between the tribesmen and the British, the latter centered at Peshawar. Only the southern tip of the great peninsula remains relatively peaceful. Dacca, Bombay, Lucknow, Dharasana have all seen extensive picketing, salt riots, processions and speech-making. There are unconfirmed rumors of negotiations between Mr. MacDonald and the Mahatma, which might result in an offer of dominion status—an offer which would certainly weaken the nationalist position. But the whole situation is so confused that no prophecy is safe; the great mass of "news" and the flood of "interpretative" articles in the press are so thoroughly self-contradictory as to inspire no confidence whatever. It is worth while, however, to call attention to one exception to this rule, an article by a German correspondent named Colin Ross, published in the Living Age of June 1. It is as illuminating as anything that has so far been said on the whole subject.

India in Jail

RAMSAY MACDONALD has certainly had about as bad luck as is possible for a hard-pressed politician; England, by contrast, has had exceedingly good luck in having him as Prime Minister through the crises of the last few months. After the general election, the Labor victory was so precarious that political prophets were safe in prognosticating hard sledding for the new government; no prophet could have guessed that that same hard sledding would keep the Socialists in power. In October the Wall-Street crash heralded a period of world-wide depression of which we have not yet seen the end; the result was that unemployment in England jumped up nearly 50 percent. This under a government pledged to find jobs for everyone! The naval conference turned out only a half success; we do not yet know if it was even so much. This under a Prime Minister pledged to reduce armaments and improve British foreign policy! India is in a mess, and has to be kept peaceable by force. This under a régime pledged to anti-imperialism! Thus has fate played with Mr. MacDonald, and the Tories are delighted. It was lucky for England that it should have been so. Imagine the Socialist howls had a Conservative government faced the same circumstances! Unemployment almost as bad as it has ever been in history, India driven into even more open revolt by an unfriendly and hard-handed Tory imperialism, the London conference further handicapped by an intransigeant, Conservative admiralty! As it is, all the things have happened to Labor which Labor was declaring would happen to the Conservatives, and Labor has been unable to do much about it. No one realizes all this better than the Tories; it must have been with a sigh of relief that they saw Lloyd George's Liberals at least abstaining from participation in two recent votes of confidence. Meanwhile Conservative economic policies are gaining ground, even in the Labor camp. The trade-union bodies are beginning to favor imperial preference and protection of home industry. And if the present situation does not change suddenly, Mr. MacDonald will undoubtedly be allowed to pull Tory chestnuts out of the fire of events until that fire shows signs of blazing less hotly.

Poor Mr. MacDonald!

PALESTINE is actively in the news again, this time as a result of the gathering disaster in India. The problem of what the Indian Moslems, 70,000,000 strong, will do in the near future is a vital one at the British Colonial Office. They are known to be sympathetic with their coreligionists in Palestine, and they are growing more and more restless as Gandhi's nationalist campaign progresses. The All-India Moslem Conference on Palestine, in April, declared roundly against permitting Palestine "to be used as a dumping ground for Jews of the entire world," and asked for the revocation of both the Balfour declaration and the British mandate. This was followed, in May, by a conference in London between government officials and an Arab delegation from the Holy Land upon the project of establishing there a parliament in which the real proportions between Arab and Jew should be duly represented. Both requests were necessarily disregarded: to establish the parliament (which has been throughout not so much an Arabian desire as a symbol and a challenge) would be to relinquish the Balfour declaration; and to relinquish the declaration would be from the viewpoint of British imperial prestige unthinkable. Yet the need for placable measures is clearly imperative. Hence, when the Colonial Office recently withdrew immigration permits from more than three thousand Jews, permits which the Palestine administration had already approved, it was not remarkable that Jews the world over should have seen in the action a concession to the Moslems.

The Jewish-Moslem Dilemma

ZIONISTS and non-Zionists alike have expressed bitter indignation at the measure. The cancellation on political grounds of projected immigration which had been declared right and necessary on economic grounds, is generally held to be serious violation of

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Great Britain's promises. In addition, the indefinite holding up of immigration is said to deprive the Jewish communities of eastern Europe of their only hope of escape from increasing economic misery. The general strike called at the end of last month among Palestine's Jewish laborers is but one of many disturbing protests. British Zionists are threatening to agitate for the repeal of the mandate. American Jews, whose financial support of the Palestine experiment makes them particularly important, are also united in outspoken criticism of the government's action. Neither the Zionist nor the non-Zionist group seems to expect any results from the new commission which the MacDonald government is sending to Palestine "to investigate land and immigration questions." It is perhaps natural that Mr. Louis Lipsky, president of the first group, should feel that the political interference with Jewish immigration constitutes reason for citing Great Britain to the League, and depriving her of her mandate. The opposition of Mr. Felix Warburg is more significant. Mr. Warburg, as chairman of the Jewish Agency, speaks for Jews of every shade of opinion, and is himself distinguished by particularly liberal and benevolent views. When he pleads that further investigation cease "because Palestine has already been overinvestigated," and urges that the immigration ban be lifted at once "for suspense is very acute," one feels the real gravity of the situation, and the cruel definiteness of the Labor government's dilemma.

Cardinal Luçon

THE world war made two prelates of the Church into what can only be described as international and non-sectarian heroes. Cardinals Mercier and Luçon won the respect of all citizens and subjects of the Allied nations, and even subjects of the central powers have never found much with which to reproach them. Anticlerical governments honored them with decorations; American Protestant as well as Catholic laymen contributed munificently to the restoration of the University of Louvain in one case and of Rheims Cathedral in the other. Cardinal Mercier died too soon after the bitterness of the war to have forgiven entirely the enemies of Belgium; Cardinal Luçon was blessed with enough years of life after the armistice not only to have forgiven his country's enemies but to have made of his Cathedral a haven for pacific moods. Here he welcomed German prelates and invited German laymen to become friends of French laymen. Cardinal Luçon is dead; in his death France has lost a spiritual leader and a patriot, who felt it his duty to remain in Rheims through all the horrors and perils of war until, at the very end, he was removed by the French government. And in his person, as in Cardinal Mercier's, is summed up that extraordinary American generosity which, without ostentation, has made possible the restoration of France's mutilated artistic monuments. Surely when differences are forgotten, these eternal instances of friendship will remain.

Catholic Press Assembled

IF NO purpose other than focusing attention on Catholic journalism had been served, the success of the twentieth annual convention of the Catholic Press Association in Asheville would have been assured. But the convention did more; it was aimed directly at the upbuilding of a sound and wider circulation for all its members. Means for this end were found in backing the work of a Circulation Vigilance Committee to be carried on as an integral part of the work of the Association. In this centralization greater coöperation can be had and that vital factor in any publication—the subscription list—raised to the point where much-needed advertisement must follow as a natural sequitur. Other features of the association's work, we are pleased to note, have been continued. Editorial offices will doubly welcome a new edition of the Catholic Press Directory, and Catholic writers will gain new encouragement in announcements covering the short story contest and awards. Finally the meeting was signalized by its pledge to enter whole-heartedly in the commemoratory ceremonies which the George Washington Bicentennial Commission has planned for the observance of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of our first President.

Hugo N. Frye: Sturdy Patriot

THE day of the innocent practical joke is not yet dead. One would have thought that in this age of careful public relations experts and tiresome high seriousness, it was impossible to set people laughing by a public hoax; indeed, that it would be impossible to perpetrate a public hoax. Yet Cornell undergraduates have done it, and done it very cleverly. The editors of the Berry Patch column of the Cornell Daily Sun turned the trick. They wrote elaborate letters to the leaders of the Republican party, in the government and out, inviting them to attend a dinner to be given in honor of a founder of up-state Republicanism, one Hugo N. Frye. Vice-President Curtis, Secretaries Wilbur and Davis, Senator Grundy, Representative Ruth Pratt, Chairman Huston of the Republican National Committee and many lesser lights replied, declining, but expressing their pleasure at the honor done to one of the founders of the party, "that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our party in his region of the country," as Mr. Davis eloquently put it. Of course it turned out that Mr. Frye was a completely fictitious character, existing only in the minds of college humorists. The good news leaked out, and in spite of the cold silence of most of the daily press, there has been considerable Homeric laughter over the whole episode. If anyone but college students had done this, it would have been lèse-majesté; as it is, one can be heartily amused and pray that more undergraduate humorists will invent equally innocent and fun-provoking diversions. Modern politics in general are so wofully dull and devoid of color that such a hoax is almost a public service.

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MANY American Catholics know of the Cistercian establishment in Caldey Island, off the coast of Wales, and not a few have contributed to it. But it is meet that all should realize what it is and should help it with prayer. Twenty-five years ago Caldey Island was almost entirely a desert: all the human habitations there were limited to the ruins of a fifteenth-century priory and to the lighthouse on the last weather-beaten headland to the west. In 1906 the famous Anglican Cistercians settled there and revived the monastic traditions which had been dormant for 500 years. In 1914 they became Catholic to the last monk. The sensation was tremendous. But financial support from non-Catholic quarters stopped, as was inevitable, and a period of struggle followed. It would have ended in disaster if the charity of the earl of Rothes had not provided a new shelter for the community at Prinknash Park, Gloucestershire. But what of the Caldey buildings which were heavily mortgaged? There was some rumor of their being bought over once more by an Anglican brotherhood. It was then that the Holy Father advised the Belgian Trappists at Chimay to make the necessary effort. They did as they were bidden and for a year have been chanting, ploughing and watching at Caldey. But they are heavily in debt and not yet securely established.

The Monks of Caldey

THE difficulties of the disinterested love of art in America, as we are often reminded, are real enough. Yet it is a question whether we would all endorse their abolition by the method that, characteristically, is beginning to prevail in Russia. Under the Soviets, it appears, there are no difficulties because there is no art. In the New York World Sergei Eisenstein, the famous film director who screened Ten Days That Shook the World, and The Cruiser Potemkin, makes this claim, evidently with tremendous pride. Art being only the expression of the frustrated lives of artists, he explains, the stimulus for it disappears with the full and developed existence made possible by a communized society. He cites the improved conditions of labor under Bolshevism, and triumphantly parallels it with the almost complete disappearance of interest in the theatre. We would point out to M. Eisenstein, in passing, that he has begged the question; giving workers a rounded human life cannot destroy art if one's definition of a rounded human life includes art. But we readily accept his thesis that communizing society will tend to destroy art, and his observation that this has already begun to happen in Russia. Art is, in essence, the product, not of frustration but of highly developed individuality. Whatever denies man's uniqueness and separate vision, and makes him an undistinguishable item among his fellows, with no function outside of the social purpose, will impair his divine power of creating beauty. Sparta, that perfect community, had no artists.

Aesthetics of Communism

EUROPE'S NEWEST DREAM

THE dream of a united Europe was born and christened in Vienna. It has now been groomed and adapted to reality in Paris. And it would seem that, for some time to come at least, its existence will depend upon Geneva, which in turn will deliberate with one eye fixed on Berlin, Rome and London. The fact that so many central cities—which are not merely the seats of governments—are involved in the fate of Briand's most important suggestion is not the result of chance. During the war era the number of European peoples, not counting Soviet Russia and Turkey, increased from eighteen to twenty-seven. Nor was this brisk application of the principle of self-determination necessarily complete or final. Lusty yearnings after autonomy have been voiced in Belgium, Alsace, Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. Indeed, there have been times when the tendency to subdivide appeared to be more rampant in Europe than even the game of tennis or the art of the cinema.. But all the while nobody could gainsay the fact that the great cities were nuclei of energy, ordained by history and economic conditions, and that the multiplication of countries might well hamper but could not escape from them.

This multiplication and the spirit which actuated it were perilous. Repeatedly, the cut-throat customs policy which holds the continent in its grip has been denounced. It is an indefensible but a natural nationalistic policy. Quite as normal and as indefensible are the "ambitions" which continue to hold sway, gnawing like heavy waves against pacificatory agreements. Curiously enough, M. Briand's plan does not directly envisage either of these two sources of conflict. It places almost all its emphasis upon the progress toward harmony already made. Union is to be achieved through a European conference, designed as a body similar to and parallel with the assembly of the League of Nations. This conference will appoint an executive "political committee" modeled after the pattern of the League Council. And the nine reasons which Briand stresses as making a new unification of Europe desirable are all reasons which were advanced by advocates of the League. Even the ever-present matter of the tariff has been discussed time and time again at Geneva.

So rational and sound is all this that arguments against it are difficult to advance. Since 1920 several things have grown obvious: first, that the League was concerned primarily with continental problems; second, that the United States would not be officially enrolled in the Genevan supergovernment. Nevertheless the international character of the League abided as an ideal, and in at least some respects as a reality. It would never do, as some of us used to think years ago, to make the "Society of Nations" a purely continental institution. Briand therefore wisely proposes an annex to—or rather a twin brother of—the League; and there is little doubt that if his suggestion can be

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put into practice the whole of existing international machinery will be immensely strengthened.

It is singular enough that the astute Frenchman remains always an unadulterated patriot. For the land of Gaul peace, either political or economic, reposes upon the stability of things as they are. The fruits of the post-war treaties must be conserved, even though adroit substitutions and modifications may sometimes be necessary. But how shall this be done? France has the choice between two alternatives: maintaining military supremacy and getting Europe to agree to the present arrangement. To a man of Briand's temper the first solution seemed excessively dangerous, if not impossible, just as the non-conformist program of the German reactionaries appeared outlandish to Stresemann. He has therefore labored with might and main to effect the second, holding out meanwhile a cargo of assorted inducements from which other peoples might select. The general desire for peace meanwhile rendered most parties to the argument vastly more amenable than they would otherwise have been.

All the sorest spots in Europe are significant in so far as they affect the Briand purpose. There is, for example, Fascist Italy. While Mussolini's differences with the Balkan countries, Greece and Austria, are chronic, the main characteristic of his international outlook appears to be dissatisfaction with the French will to leave things as they now are. Recent bloodthirsty speeches may be discounted for a number of reasons. Perhaps Il Duce needed a little recourse to the theatre, and besides stoical preachments may eventually make the Italians (which may the Lord forbid!) a people of cold-tubbers and strategists. Far more worthy of consideration is the manifest determination of the Italian government to achieve naval parity with France. It announces a building program calling for twenty-two new submarines, four destroyers and two light cruisers (among other trifles) which has been accepted by most French commentators as a challenge. Needless to say, this kind of thing could become exceedingly dangerous. Or take another European sore spot—the eastern frontier of Germany. Precisely the most pacific of the Reich's citizens realize the gravity of the peril latent there, which may some time lead to an open and catastrophic break.

A Europe united in defense of the common welfare on the basis of agreements already reached would, potentially, be a Europe equipped to cauterize these festering wounds. But of course the job is exceedingly difficult and from several points of view open to criticism. A continent which no longer regarded itself as split into more than two dozen permanently hostile fragments would be a continent potentially unifiable into opposition to other world states. Of these there are three: the United States, Great Britain, Soviet Russia and the Asiatic countries it is, in a measure, able to influence. Great Britain would it seems, have little to fear provided it can retain its influence at Geneva and provided Russia does not dominate the continent. But that M. Briand's plan could work to the disadvantage of the United States, provided it is adopted and worked out enthusiastically is undeniable. Trade agreements designed to counteract American tariff barriers might prove a weapon of great offensive value. The repercussions in the world of pure finance could, it is conceivable, be similarly impressive.

The fact remains, however, that for the present Europe as a whole still welcomes the coöperation of the United States. Isolation is a policy forged in the new world, and which could be repudiated in a moment by the new world. If it is valuable and practical, it must demonstrate its worth under different circumstances than those created by chaos abroad. Besides, the fact remains that the manifest destiny of the United States is to realize the political and economic possibilities of the Monroe Doctrine. If this Doctrine is as much of a treasure as we have customarily believed it to be, then statesmanship should be able to make it pay higher dividends than those hitherto obtained. It is, of course, true that the nations of Latin America are no match for the countries of Europe. Practically none of them are even now coping successfully with ethnological, social or financial problems. But—and this is a matter that needs consideration—the prospect of a flourishing and united America is no more difficult to entertain than the prospect of a united Europe. Who shall say that the spectacle of France and Germany, Poland and Italy, acting in unison seems any more utopian than the picture of a pan-America endowed with some of the attributes of maturity?

You can accuse the principle of self-determination of having induced various disorders. It certainly has. But one clear political result of its application is the removal from the horizon of the rational statesman of "territorial aspirations." In the palmy days of old, a ruler could hope to extend his realm by wresting a domain from another sovereign. Today the question always presents itself: how does a given people feel about annexation? Even so normal a relationship as that existing between France and Alsace-Lorraine has ended in a widespread desire for autonomy and in outspoken dissatisfaction on the part of the "reconquered provinces." All this means that the old roots of nationalism, so vigorous throughout the nineteenth century, have dried up. The modern nation grows not by adding square miles, but by adjusting its trade activity to the rhythm of world economics. Thus the Monroe Doctrine, too, has in a measure grown obsolete. Who believes that any Latin American country is in danger of being absorbed by a European power? Nor can the United States, which is soon bound to retreat even from Haiti, think of annexation in any form. But that social and commercial relationships between the Americas can be greatly and beneficially improved might well be accepted as the true significance of the Monroe Doctrine in a new age. Who knows but what Briand may be showing the way to us, who in turn appear to have shown it to him?

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Places and Persons

HOLLYWOOD

By VINCENT SHEEAN

FAME and desire, commingled and doubly distilled, inhabit the air of Hollywood. There anything is celebrated; everybody wears his name like a banner. Hundreds of persons of both sexes, facing the sunlight of a California morning in those enchanted hills, can begin the day with the astonishing reflection that the night just over has multiplied their existence in a thousand different dreams. Part of the charm of the place is this assurance it possesses: it has the confidence of great fame and of a mysterious, almost universal desirability. If John Doe and Lucy Roe, stars of the film, have doubts of immorality, there is the phenomenon of a thousand letters a day to repersuade them. If Richard Roe sometimes questions the value of the fictions he produces for the movie factory, he has only to look at his bank-book and be answered.

Very frequently, at regular intervals, the grand opening of a new film spectacle affords fresh proof that the separate men and women engaged in making motion pictures possess, as individual characters, an appeal to the masses which staggers the imagination. At these grand openings excited mobs of men and women wait in the streets for hours, push and quarrel and strain at police lines, to catch one glimpse of an idol passing by. There is no more remarkable spectacle in the United States, to my mind, than the sight of these mobs in the streets of Hollywood, drinking some mysterious increase of life, some exquisite high pleasure, out of the glimpsing of a stranger's passage. It is clear that the magic, whatever it is, must be in the minds of those who so push and quarrel and strain, and not in the bodies of those who go by in evening clothes. The magic is in the starved fancy of a people whose aesthetic life is so impoverished that it can find in the prettiness of these photographed faces all beauty, all romance. To assure itself that the mechanism of reproduction has not lied—that this beauty does exist somewhere in an unamiable life—the mob pushes and quarrels and strains in the streets, waiting for a sign, an affirmation.

The crowd's hypnosis is extended in varying degree to most people who come within reach of the sorcery of film photography. Nothing else in the United States has quite such universal appeal to the imagination, and Hollywood knows it. Hollywood breathes in the interest, the curiosity, of a colossal proportion of the people now living in this country. The consciousness of such fame is what gives Hollywood its infinite confidence, its entirely special and unduplicated quality.

The person who can feel this special quality most keenly may possibly be the one who brings to Hollywood, as I did, an almost total ignorance. My own lack of knowledge of the films was so complete that it must have seemed unreal to those who live their whole lives in and about celluloid. It so happened that various people I once had known elsewhere, in other incarnations, are now part of the film world; and two of them, a writer and a film star, were my mystagogues. I had seen very few movies in the past seven or eight years, and the names of most of their players and writers were unknown to me. It becomes necessary at each return to the United States to learn all over again its songs and fancies, the particular expression of its temporary mind. Those fortunate enough to form a continuous part of that temporary mind die and are reborn with it; they can understand only with effort the uninformed state of a person whose experience has been interrupted.

Thus the nervous admission on my part that I "knew the name" was inadequate tribute to the names I heard in Hollywood; Hollywood expects visitors not only to "know the name," but to know a wealth of detail about the person who bears the name. In most cases even the statement that I knew the name was false, the stumbling endeavor of a stranger in a strange land to conceal his inferiority and his ignorance. Such a visitor must often feel, as I felt, that he walks in a world too odd, too sealed in its oddity, to bear any relation to the world outside. The impression of artificiality and remoteness is overwhelming: the whole place might have been born in the imagination of a feverish child, so sharp and loud and brightly colored is it, so full of sounds and shapes which mean nothing without commentary. But the persuasion of the world of fantasy is such that one always wishes ardently to comprehend it without explanation. A man might know the first canto of the Inferno by heart, follow every step of Professor Einstein's reasoning, be able to compose a fugue in five minutes, hold in his memory the bearable residue of all the world's history, and still fail to perceive the quality of Alice in Wonderland. So it is with the hard, bright surfaces of Hollywood.

A street in the studio area begins at New York's Times Square. There a reproduction has been made of the Times building, of the pavement in front of it, of the subway entrance. Every detail is perfect; but at the second story, where the camera's ceiling is reached, the building ceases to exist. Above that point there is only the flat blue of the California sky. Opposite Times Square stands the lower part of the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Further along there is a Mississippi river boat in a dry tank. These juxtapositions are like a painting by Chirico, they are a bewilderment of familiar associations.

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The director (a woman) who was with us said to the man at the dry tank: "I am going to wreck a boat tonight. I want four waves." King Canute must have been far less confident. On one of the stages a boy in a blue shirt stood by a table and allowed a sharpshooter to shoot at him. The bullet hit a can on the table. The boy looked angry and dug the bullet out of the wall behind him. At this point the camera stopped grinding, there was a momentary resumption of the attitudes of ordinary life, and then the scene was photographed all over again. The boy (whose name was Richard Arlen) looked just as angry the second time as he did the first, and the bullet landed in almost exactly the same place. (Pleasant as it would be to photograph various scenes of one's life over again, surely it would be better if they varied a little.) On another stage comedy grimaces are being repeated in front of a director; seriously, doggedly, they are done over and over again until the mind refuses to believe that they can ever be funny in a photograph.

In the studio lunchroom there is an influx of youths and maidens in costumes of exotic character but no particular geographic significance. A lady lunching by herself with a red rose stuck in her blonde curls, is similarly vague of dress. The costume might be either Spanish or Japanese, depending upon which part of it is under examination. Enquiry elicits the information from my friends that the costume is that of a "native." It is not necessary, in the studio, for a native to be native to anything in particular. In such happy abstractions—red rose in blonde curls, orange juice and oysters for lunch, Notre Dame de Paris in Times Square—Hollywood presents itself, fragmentary, remote, indifferent to our opinion.

Yet all these fragments, the scraps of architecture and the tatters of character, are eventually composed into a unified work of art, a narrative in pictures. The chaos is therefore not a chaos; it only seems chaotic to the ignorant stranger. Gentlemen with large fortunes invest money in this house of toys and derive profit from it. The persons who seem so fragmentary and unreal on these stages, repeating moments of imagined life in front of the machines, receive very large sums every week in salary, and even larger quantities of letters from the great outside. Girls and boys, many of them in their early twenties, are known by name and by sight to an inconceivable number of people. Yesterday they were obscure children; today they are adored; tomorrow they will be forgotten. The idolatry which goes to them is of a very particular quality, immensely personal in its direction: either as wish-fulfilment or as erotic symbol, their personal existence is the object of a vast passion. The gladiators of ancient Rome, the toreros of modern Spain, are inadequate comparisons; in those cases admiration for an achievement was part of the idolatry.

In Hollywood it is not the achievement (however considerable) which is adored: it is the *person* of the artist. The most remarkable acting could never evoke this particular kind of enthusiasm; and the most beloved of the film players appear to be not those who act, but those who simply are. I wondered often if the people who appear in the films, and whose astonishing fortunes the films have made, understand this adoration. Certainly many fan letters are letters of love: but does the love which is so genuine to the writers of such letters impress itself at all on the receivers? I asked a friend who receives thousands of such letters what they meant to her. It was clear from her reply that in the aggregate they meant a great deal, but that no effort of imaginative comprehension had been made to perceive, even occasionally, the individual lives from which such love emanates. Her conclusion was characteristic of Hollywood:

"Anyway," she said, wrinkling her exquisite nose, "I don't think about it much. I don't have time, and there are too many of them."

The profusion of energies at this place, the resistlessness of self-assertion there, make much comment upon it rather footling. After my own few puzzled (and fascinated) glances at its reality, I was curious enough to read some of the things written about it. I went through several "fan magazines"—productions almost as strange as the city of fantasy they describe. These fan magazines are, of course, undisguised expressions of the romanticism which surrounds the films, but nobody interested in the civilization of the United States could afford not to examine them. In one such magazine I saw a letter from a woman who said that she believed in Miss Greta Garbo as she believed in God. The terrifying nature of such faith ought, I felt, to keep Miss Garbo awake at nights. If film stars read these magazines—and no doubt they do—how can they bear the responsibility of their own existence?

But strange and disturbing as the fan magazines are, they are more intelligent than the material sometimes written to "expose" or to ridicule Hollywood (generally by disgruntled film people or visiting Englishmen). Any such material I have seen is lamentably superficial, supercilious and absurd; snobismus about Hollywood is like snobismus about the weather or the seasons. The fact is that the place is a phenomenon too profoundly natural for such treatment: those who are content merely to laugh at it are ignoring its power, its charm and its immense psychological significance. For it is not only the strangest, the most exciting spectacle in the United States, but one of the most important: it is the aesthetic capital, and in some ways the emotional capital, of the country. The visitor blessed by ignorance (and thus untroubled by detail) must feel in its make-believe streets the violence and morbidity, the vast intensity and childlike hysteria, of America itself: forever building and destroying, working through this chaos of fragments to some sort of narrative unity so that gentlemen with large fortunes may derive profit, and so that girls and boys who were anonymous yesterday may be adored today and forgotten—so it goes—tomorrow.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARRIAGE?

By PIERRE CRABITES

The increasing quantity of divorce wreckage has caused so much excitement that other aspects of marital relationship have been ignored. Indeed, some prominent sociologists have drawn the easy conclusion that since the family is unstable, the family no longer exists. In the following paper Judge Crabitès considers the matter from a point of view which is deliberately set apart from the high realms of religious faith. Approaching the matter as a sensible legalist, he shows that the practical measure which clamors for establishment is the precise opposite of the idea sponsored by Judge Lindsey.—The Editors.

WE HAVE our wires crossed when we say that we are confronted with a divorce peril. Divorce may be a pockmark but it is not smallpox. The stability of our family life is in danger. The American sociologist knows that there is a marriage question. This problem is the smallpox which preys upon our body politic. The ravages of the disease will continue until we make up our minds to look the facts in the face.

Divorce is not the primary cause of the disintegration of our homes. It is not even, strictly speaking, the proximate source of the trouble. It is, itself, but a consequence, a sequel, a corollary. The root of the mischief lies in the flippancy with which American public opinion views marriage. The marital knot is taken to be a slip-knot, not a Gordian knot. The whole thing is looked upon as a lark, not as a solemn contract.

In decrying this state of mind I am not insisting to those who are not children of the Church, that marriage should be envisioned as a sacrament. I am not here writing a theological thesis or reckoning with the supernatural. I am approaching the problem solely from the point of view of a reasonable citizen. I cannot, therefore, do better than to quote what Napoleon Bonaparte had to say upon the subject. He, assuredly, was not an orthodox church-goer. Yet this is what he said when his Conseil d'Etat was working on the Code Napoléon:

> We have fixed twenty-one years as the age of majority. Neither a man nor a woman may validly bind himself or herself for an ordinary debt until he or she attains that age. Marriage is the most solemn and most binding of contracts. It vitally affects the happiness of the contracting parties. It appears to me as illogical as it is unjust to allow them, or their parents for them, to barter away this contentment when the man or woman could not of their own volition legally carry through a trade affecting a horse.

And the Corsican believed in using outward signs—formality and ritual if you prefer—to drive home to the minds of the couple that they were performing an act of momentous importance. He did not insist that a church ceremony should be a prerequisite for those who practised no creed. He held out, however, for what he called solemnity. And here I quote his exact words:

> If all that is necessary is that the state take cognizance of the marriage, the services of a notary public should suffice. But this contract will create a new family. It should, therefore, be entered into with solemnity.

In other words, the great soldier, who was also a great legislator, was (though essentially incapable of religious insight) radically opposed to the happy-go-lucky impetuosity of precipitate marriages. He looked upon such sans gêne as being something inherently dangerous and as striking at that "solemnity" essential to a proper appreciation of the dignity of married life. He felt that a stop, look and listen policy was just as essential to the happiness of the future husband and wife as it is to the safety of pedestrians. And he was right.

But if runaway marriages and analogous weddings are apt to be the headstrong impulse of hot-blooded youth, the most elaborate of precautions and the most formal of ceremonies mean nothing unless the contracting parties recognize that they are taking on a serious responsibility. It is their frame of mind which counts. If they consider that there is something probationary, experimental or empirical about their pact, then they are not a bit better off than were the Gretna Green couple—except that the former may have received worlds of costly presents.

It is all a question of psychology. It is a matter of having the principals to the contract get the proper reaction to its import. It is a case of applied suggestion. I mean by this that if the twain think that their union is, in its essence, a durable one, they will most likely make it so.

In other words, marriage is, from the purely social point of view, like money. It must be stabilized, otherwise it loses its value. The first step in this direction should be to drum into the heads of men and women—and boys and girls—that marriage is a sticking plaster which sticks. They have heard so much about "so-and-so having got his or hers," that their subconscious mind is impressed with the idea that marriage is not, in its essence, a permanent relationship. This point of view should be fought.

I suggest as a means of dissipating it that it be illegal for a plaintiff to apply for divorce until three years shall have elapsed since the date of his or her marriage. I am told, nevertheless, that statistics show that in the majority of cases actions are brought after the expiration of this three-year period. I have not checked up these figures. And I shall not do so. They are beside the issue. The husbands and wives who brought these suits probably married with a wrong idea of the stabil-

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ity of the contract entered into by them. The period of incubation of their germ of discontent may have exceeded three years but the bacillus itself was there from the outset.

To justify my three-year rule I invoke the principle applied by life insurance companies when they wrote my policies. They said to me: "These contracts are absolutely incontestable after the expiration of twelve months from the date of their issuance. Until that period shall have elapsed they are subject to the suicide clause." This implied that it was made of the essence of my insurance that I had to wait 366 days before I could commit suicide and at the same time enrich my beneficiary.

The company would have lost money on me if I had put an end to my life at so early a moment as this year and a day delay. It was willing to take such a risk because its business is that of scientific risk-taking. But its records had taught it that men who contemplate suicide do not wait 366 days before carrying their plan into execution. The clause in question, therefore, safeguarded the insurer against my having had suicidal intent when I took out my insurance.

My point is that a three-year term of indissolubility will tend to arrest inconsiderate marriages. It will not prevent them. But the efforts of those who go up against this absolute barrier will be such a lesson to others that the misfortune of the few will be apt to benefit the many.

Divorces are often born of affinities. Here again I would apply an invariable rule. I would have it ordained that no divorced man or woman should be permitted to contract another valid marriage until two years had elapsed since the decree of divorce had become final. This would tend to reduce the temptation of men and women to seek for faults in their spouses.

I would further decree that no man or woman could be authorized to enter into another legal union as long as he or she had three or more living divorced consorts. Such a provision would, perhaps, in certain cases, work hardships. But it is the multimarried man and woman who so insolently assails the dignity of matrimony. Such "typhoid Marys," even if innocent, should be put into quarantine.

I do not offer these suggestions as a panacea. There is, in their essence, nothing very radical about what I outline. My proposals will not do away with divorce; only sincere Christian living will do that. It is too late, however, in a cosmopolitan country like ours where so many races and religions abound, for a practical legislator to attempt to make the American marriage indissoluble. The country may return to fundamental Christianity, but the law cannot anticipate the date. Yet marriage should at least be made stable. It should not be something precarious, transitory and probationary. This it will not cease to be as long as it is almost as easy for an American to get rid of his wife as it is for a Frenchman to end a collage. We say that we are a monogamous nation. We are not. We have merely substituted continuous polygamy for contemporaneous polygamy. We have done this because we have demonetized marriage.

RUSSIAN TRADE

By G. HIRSCHFELD

THE Russian experiment is carefully watched from the near and the distant corners of the world. It is still an experiment and the fate of Soviet Russia still hangs in the balance. In her struggle for industrial development and economic independence Russia is considerably helped by foreign nations and particularly by the United States whose manufacturers and financiers, exporters and engineers take an active part in the reconstruction work of the U.S.S.R. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that without this aid from abroad Russia would have a considerably harder time to develop her natural resources, to build up her industry and to gain that economic freedom without which the Communist rule could not endure for long.

In order to ascertain the extent to which the Soviet union is dependent upon foreign nations it is well to get an idea of the domestic struggle that is going on between Archangel and Sebastopol and between Minsk and Kazan. The stronghold of Stalin and his associates is the cities with their factories and labor population; the cities depend on the peasant's products but the peasant wants machines and tractors if he is to produce above his own immediate needs. The problem is therefore essentially this: people want food and shelter and do not generally care much about the political issue. For the purpose of better and more efficient agricultural production the government has attempted to collectivize the great number of farms previously under private management and to organize them into large state farms. This movement, first doubted in its practical possibility, has grown so rapidly that today a total of 75,000,000 acres or 20,000,000 above the government schedule have been collectivized. The reason for this astonishing development apparently lies not so much in the fact that the peasants have been converted to Communism, but rather in their mere desire to save their very existence after the bitter experiences of past years with sequestrations, persecutions, espionage and so on; it seems as if they would rather give up their small farms and have better food, greater personal convenience, reduced taxes, instead of carrying on a fight against the government which to all appearances is doomed to failure.

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According to the present extent of collectivization the number of tractors needed would be about one hundred thousand; the highest estimate, however, shows only 25,000 tractors in existence, of which not less than 50 percent are in need of repair. If we turn to other agricultural machinery it is found that only 10 or 12 percent of the requirements are covered; in short, the technical means at the disposal of the Russian government are far below present requirements, and if the attempt to increase very considerably the number of agricultural machines and implements either by large imports or by more intensive domestic output or both is unsuccessful, the Soviet union will face a very critical situation, indeed. The Russian government is backed by a political minority which is largely concentrated in the cities; 125,000,000 people of the total population of 155,000,000 live by agriculture. It therefore seems clear that this great majority of the rural population must be satisfied if the Soviet rule is to endure; in other words, tractors and other agricultural machinery must be produced in sufficient quantities to make possible the extensive cultivation of the soil and to produce food for everybody. It is at this point that American industry enters into the picture.

The United States customs figures for 1928 and the first half of 1929 show that the Soviet union is third among the markets for American agricultural machinery and implements, being exceeded only by Canada and the Argentine. Purchases of agricultural equipment in the United States rose from $15,000,000 during the fiscal year 1927-28 (running from October 1 to September 30) to $28,000,000 during the following year. The Amtorg Trading Corporation, which is the leading organization in Soviet-American trade with headquarters in New York City, states that the bulk of the purchases consisted of tractors the value of which amounted to about $20,000,000 during the latter year. The figures for 1929 show that the Soviet union was the largest foreign market for American track-laying tractors and a close second (after Canada) for wheel tractors. But all this reflects only a small part of American trade activities with Russia; we have to look around in other branches in order to get a more complete picture of the extent of Soviet-American trade.

For the calendar year 1929, American industrial and electrical equipment bought exceeded (according to the Amtorg) $40,000,000 which is almost three and one-fourth times the purchases of 1928; and the number of orders is still rising as may be seen from the purchases during the last quarter of the past year which amounted to $12,500,000. According to Department of Commerce statistics the Soviet union was the fifth largest importer of American industrial machinery in 1928. Soviet purchases in the United States for the twelve months ending September 30, 1929, totaled more than $107,000,000 as compared with about $91,000,000 for the fiscal year 1927-28. Here it may be added that the total turnover in the six years since the resumption of regular trade relations between the United States and the Soviet union has amounted to more than $600,000,000.

When glancing at these figures it becomes clear that American commercial interests are becoming ever more involved in Russian affairs. In view of these increasing trade activities the question comes to mind of how all these deliveries are paid for. Soviet Russia has very little cash but two other ways offer a solution; one is through foreign loans which are obtained, for instance, from Germany and other nations; the other is through exports from Russia into the United States among which there are such products as furs, precious metals, casings, fish products, coal, lumber, etc. We have also to remember the Russian exports to European markets part of which are reëxported to the United States; it is, no doubt, true that the exports from Russia are pushed to the utmost possible extent in order to obtain in turn gold and machinery, and it is even maintained that a considerable part of the population within the Soviet union is deprived of grain in order to make large quantities available for the export. However, in view of the strict censorship in Moscow on one side and of a certain animosity in non-Russian countries on the other, it is hard to draw the line between optimistic reports originating at Moscow and pessimistic prophecies coming from the centres of capitalism; we might just as well rely on the official statistics.

According to the latter the Soviet-American trade balance for the fiscal year 1928-29 was adverse to the extent of about $60,000,000. The Soviet union is somewhat handicapped with respect to the method of covering its large unfavorable trade balance with the United States, since Soviet gold is not permitted entry into this country. It therefore cannot surprise that credits play an important part in American trade activities with the Soviet union. The Amtorg tells us that not only has the number of American firms granting credits to Soviet purchasing organizations increased, but the terms have become more favorable. Credits of three years or over were received by the Amtorg Trading Corporation from a number of leading firms during 1929. Credits for one year or more were extended by nearly two hundred companies. Incidentally, 90 percent of the orders placed in the United States during the ten months ending July 31, 1929, the value of which represented about $51,000,000, are said to have been closed on a credit basis. From these data the fact may be deduced that not only are American firms (and many of them the leaders in their respective branches) doing extensive business with the Soviet union but they are doing it largely on a credit basis which makes the commercial relationship between the two countries somewhat more intense and increases their dependence upon each other.

Another branch of American trade activities is reflected in the technical assistance to the Soviet union. Over a score of American technical assistance contracts were signed in 1929, the total by the end of the year

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approaching two score. The total number of American engineers and technicians at present working in the U.S.S.R. is about four hundred aside from an additional 800 American business men and engineers who visited the Soviet union during 1929.

The attitude of the government of the United States toward Soviet Russia is in contrast with the increasing industrial and commercial interchange between the two countries. Diplomatic relations have not been resumed although both governments have signed the Kellogg pact which stipulates that "pacific means will be sought for the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts." At the present time Soviet organizations do not have any judicial status in this country and thus have no right to the protection of American courts; the flotation of Soviet loans on the American market is officially prohibited. Under the present extra-legal status ships of either country, on entering the ports of the other, must pay six times the regular port charges paid by vessels flying the flag of countries that have established normal relations. Due to the absence of American consular representatives in the U.S.S.R., the Soviet exporter finds it very difficult and sometimes impossible to ship to the United States certain commodities which require consular invoices, etc.

The Communist propaganda that is going on in the United States, and apparently under the protectorate and with the financial aid of the Soviet government, forms probably one of the major obstacles in the way of resumption of diplomatic relations. And indeed, if one stops to think that American industry is largely relied upon by Soviet Russia in the reconstruction work, the industrial and commercial dependence on one side and the rather reckless political propaganda in the streets and squares of American cities on the other are not easily reconciled in the eyes of an impartial onlooker. But aside from the political issue the purely industrial development of Soviet Russia with the help of other nations seems interesting enough to warrant a somewhat closer inspection of the present economic evolution of the Soviet union.

Over a year ago the Soviet government adopted a plan for the economic development of the country during the five-year period from October 1, 1928, to September 30, 1933. Now let us see how this five-year plan has worked out in its first year of operation. The Amtorg Trading Corporation which, as has been stated, is the leading firm engaged in Soviet-American trade, tells us that agricultural production fell considerably short of the program. The reason may be found partly in the bitter struggle between individual farmers and government (the latter trying to organize collective, i.e., large state, farms) and partly in the very considerable shortage of tractors and agricultural machinery and implements. While it is true that the present production figures are not imposing they show clearly the upward trend and a proportionately high and steady industrial development. It is clear that in Soviet Russia we have to see the growth of an industrial power which with the generous aid of the American industry as well as of European nations will soon become a factor to reckon with on the world market.

It has been pointed out that Soviet Russia has to export in order to pay for the bitterly needed machinery. In fact, these exports have become so extensive in several branches that they make themselves felt on the European continent already today. And it is this pressing need for exports and, of course, the growing capacity of Russian industry to export which is of great significance to the American manufacturer and exporter. For Russian industry stands on an entirely different platform when compared with any of the industrialized nations of either Europe or North America. Soil and labor, the two main ingredients of any kind of product are in the hands of the Russian government; they cost practically nothing, one is tempted to say. The soil is free because it is owned by the government and labor is largely paid in devalorized currency, i. e., paper rubles. The logical consequence is that the Soviet union is in the enviable position to underbid every single competitor on the world market and is yet able to cut a sizable profit.

How does this work out in practice? A recent Times despatch says that matches from Soviet Russia are flooding Belgium to such an extent that one factory has closed and another will soon shut down. The Soviet importation is said to represent more than one-third of the total Belgian production. The Swedish lumber market is greatly disturbed by the Russian exports; the well-known Swedish daily, Stockholms Tidningen, says that laborers in the Russian lumber industry are recruited by force and that in this way the cost of production is kept down to an unbelievably low level which again enables the Soviet union to compete with the most powerful producers and still obtain a considerable profit. The European rayon industry finds itself today in a state of overproduction; the Russian five-year program provides for an expenditure of between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 which shall cover the cost of construction of some fifteen rayon plants. If the majority of this production is thrown on the European market it will undoubtedly affect the balance of production and demand and will, via Europe, strike at the American rayon industry also. The instances of either actual or threatening competition from the Soviet union could be multiplied almost at will, and they extend to many of those branches in which the American manufacturers are particularly interested.

The present export policy of Russia is guided by the bitter need for funds with which to build up the industry and carry out the five-year plan. When the latter will have been successfully completed and a capable industry is actually at work, the present policy of swamping foreign markets will in all probability be maintained because the Russian people at large are too poor to be able to represent a formidable market for their own industry. The case of Germany will be

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remembered when, shortly after the war, foreign nations came to her aid and helped her to build up, or rather reorganize, her industry with which today she competes successfully on the world market. At that time, too, the German people were not able to support the domestic industry through a large and generous demand, and the manufacturers had to look to foreign markets where they could sell their goods.

The industrial development of the Soviet union is dependent upon the coöperation of foreign nations; the latter is generously given. It seems probable that American industry is destined to play the leading part in the Russian reconstruction period on account of the great financial superiority as well as of the large output of machinery and industrial equipment. Whereas manufacturers and exporters alike visualize the marketing possibilities of the new Russia (though they do not seem to be aware of the prospect of an unwelcome rival on the world market) the government is standing in the background letting the industry take care of itself. The strangest aspect of the different controversial questions, however, seems to be the fact that the Soviet union accepts with one hand loans and credits, machinery and technical assistance from foreign nations, but pushes with the other hand a political campaign which has for its purpose the destruction of the same economic system that plays a decisive part in the renaissance of Soviet Russia.

MILKING THE UNEMPLOYED

By PAUL BROWN

FOR many years I had thought that employment agencies were valuable instruments in the social and economic organization of any fair-sized city. Even after I had started to work for one of them I believed that they performed a public service which was considerable by bringing men who needed work and jobs which needed men together for the mutual benefit of both. I was wrong. I still think that the basic idea that created employment agencies is good, but my experiences with several of them—all large agencies and apparently reputable and ethical—has served to change my opinion of them drastically. They may do some slight good to the community where they operate, but they unquestionably do much more good to themselves.

Of course, there is no basis for criticism. The agencies are commercial enterprises and no one could complain if they profited by legitimate means. However, those I am familiar with, and there are a great many of them now, embrace methods which cannot be regarded as anything but dishonest and despicable. There seems to be a general deliberate intent to extract as much money as possible from applicants for work; the actual providing of a job is privately regarded as relatively unimportant.

When a man hunting work came into our office the general attitude was not one which emanated from a desire to be of help to the man. It was frankly a recognition that his visit merely represented more business for the agency. I was expected to make his search for work through our office a source of profit; the means I used in doing it were of secondary consideration.

We had our agency divided into two general departments, as most of the agencies are arranged. Low-paid jobs are handled on a different basis than those commanding larger salaries. If the applicant was a workman in the trades or a laborer he was charged a fixed fee in advance for the information needed to get the job we had, then given a card of introduction and sent on his way. Often he got the job and kept it quite satisfactorily. There was nothing particularly wrong with the practice except that we were forbidden to give the man the needed information until we had received the fee.

Manifestly that frequently served to defeat the purpose of the agency. If the applicant had been out of work for a long time he was unable to pay the fee in advance. Despite the fact that he was more in need of work than a man with a few dollars left in his possession, he was unable to get it. Nevertheless, the rule was strictly enforced—no fee, no job. I tried many times to get the manager of the office to permit men to pay the fee after they had secured work, but I succeeded only once, when the manager happened to be personally acquainted with the job hunter.

Even after a man paid his fee and got the job he was never certain that he could keep it. I know of many cases where the agency charged an entire week's pay for a job and the applicant worked less than a week at it—he had paid more for his job than he got from it, but he never received any refund from us because of that fact.

This rule was not enforced so strictly with girls and women. We always tried to get the fee in advance but would accept 10 percent at the time of being sent to work with the understanding that the balance would be paid in not less than two weeks. They were even compelled to sign an agreement that they would be willing to have their employer deduct our fee from their pay if they failed to keep their promise.

The fees we charged low-paid men varied according to the nature of the work or our estimate of the man. We never charged less than $4.00—although I never knew why that amount was fixed—and we often charged them as much as one week's pay. Sometimes we even bled them for a little more, if we thought we could get away with it. Some of the applicants would complain about the size of the fee when we asked for a week's pay. Our instructions were then to agree with

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him and change the fee from one week's pay to 2 percent of his annual salary. It was easy to refer to this small percentage so deprecatingly that they would never realize that it was actually a bit more than the fee previously objected to. It always seemed to work.

Occasionally we would establish contact with a contractor who had just gotten a big job which might last from six months to several years. We would agree to furnish his men for him, give him permanent quarters in our office where applicants could be interviewed, and handle the details of labor supply until the work was completed. It meant freedom from worry about personnel details to the contractor and some of them operate that way; but they wouldn't if they knew that it is mighty expensive to them because of their labor turnover.

Under such arrangements we conscientiously filled every responsible job we could. It paid us to do that with scrupulous care for it meant future good-will with department heads. It was with the laborers and skilled workmen that we expected to operate to greatest advantage. There usually is a pretty large turnover among those men. However, on the last job of that kind we had the turnover was practically negligible. The manager of the agency was not only disappointed but furious about it, although I couldn't understand why. It seemed most desirable to me.

One morning he visited all the foremen of the various gangs and came back to the office mighty pleased with himself. We soon began to get requests for men of all trades; the workmen were evidently not holding their jobs. I got a requisition for eight brickmasons and shortly after I got it a bricklayer came to me for a job. I filled out our card and sent him to the contracting job but he objected to going. He told me that he had applied there that morning and had been refused work and told that bricklayers were being laid off. Thinking of the requisition I had I finally prevailed upon him to go and he was promptly hired by the same foreman who had just previously refused him work!

After the manager's visit lots of workmen were needed and our card seemed to make a great difference. Just how that came about I do not know, but I have enough suspicions to last me the rest of my life. Sometimes we would get calls for laborers from the various railroad companies for construction work at distant and often remote points. Transportation was always furnished free for these laborers, yet I know that several of the men in our office charged foreigners not only the fee for the job but railroad fare as well.

While our office did not run a commissary department to feed and house large numbers of laborers on isolated jobs some agencies do—and it is generally the most profitable activity of the agency, if it is possible to call such gains "profits." The men are quartered in the typical rough board bunkhouses and fed food which, while it is substantial and sustaining, is nevertheless cheap and mediocre. The agency charged, and had the company deduct from the mens' pay before they got it, prices which should have entitled them to considerably better accommodations and food. Unfortunately the men could never do anything about it. There is nowhere else to live and the company and agency always have an iron-clad agreement.

With the high-grade applicants who had a past record of considerable accomplishment and excellent references we worked differently. We had to, for they were intelligent men and able to see through any deception which was too transparent. From these men we would ask for—and generally receive—a deposit of from $50 to $100. In fact we always told them, after the preliminary interview, to return the following day with their check book; but even being that brazen about it did not seem to prevent their coming back. The stimulus of needed employment is too powerful. After we had their check we really tried to place them. We would give them a card to a prospective employer whom we felt might use their ability and then call up the employer to make the way for our applicant as easy as possible.

Often, however, when we had no job for a highly specialized man, we would frankly instruct him to represent himself as something else. We would make a newspaperman an advertising copywriter, for instance, or a magazine crew manager an insurance salesman. We assisted in the deception by glibly telling the employer what was on the man's application card and how favorable it all looked—after we had told him to complete it that way. Of course, many times we were unable to place these highly skilled men promptly. When we couldn't, we hooked them again for what we called our letter service. It was nothing but an impressive-looking note, describing the applicant in glowing terms and covering his past record and abilities which would be sent to possible employers. Usually we got our names from the classified telephone directory.

For this alleged service we got $.10 a letter, with a minimum charge of $25. Naturally the applicant anticipated that 250 letters would be distributed. There were hardly ever more than fifty sent out and rarely was there a reply to any of them. They were really valueless to the job hunter; theoretically it was an excellent scheme but it just does not work. If it did happen that there would be a reply and an applicant was placed through this medium we always got a testimonial from him regarding our sincere interest in his affairs, the excellence of our methods and lots of other "hooey" to impress future applicants.

We regarded the failure of the letters to produce a job—when sympathizing with the applicant—as an exceptional and peculiar condition. Our story to him was that while they were sufficiently well done they no doubt failed because they had not been impressively presented; a man of his undoubted ability and high attainments might be reasonably expected to do things in a better and more modern way. The little bit of flattery usually won them to our way of thinking. It never seemed to occur to them that the fault was

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ours, not theirs. We would then suggest our "gram" service. It was exactly the same as the other except that the man's abilities would be described in short sentences and terse terms, the message being multigraphed on an office blank much like a telegram in appearance. The fee for this additional procedure was also $25 but the seeker for employment was to get 300 of them, rather than 250. Lots of ordinarily able men fell for that, too, but I know of no cases where more than 100 of the "grams" were actually mailed.

By that time we had $100 of the applicant's money; $50 on deposit which might have to be returned and $50 for service which was never rendered as he anticipated that it would be. When a man has been out of work for any time $100 becomes important. Having spent $50, even though it was futile, the applicant is naturally reluctant to withdraw from the responsibility of our help—but the time eventually comes when he is almost destitute. He asks for the return of his money. There is never any hesitancy in giving it back to him—that would be too palpable—but there is always a tremendous effort made to persuade him not to ask for it.

When he gets his money back there is suddenly a great lack of interest in him thereafter, and if he gets a job it is remarkable. The most of the income of the agency where I last worked came from placing low-paid men in large numbers, but after that the two so-called services ranked as a source of income.

I did not know these things until recently, when I was moved up into our accounting department. Then I found it out from the bills we would get from the multigrapher who prepared our "grams" and letters, for they always called for so many less letters than were promised the applicant. I also found that the agency had not been credited with the full $4.00 fee on two big contracting jobs although I knew that it had been paid. Somebody else, apparently, had received part of it. It was sufficiently convincing for me. I quit. No more men will pay me money for service which they do not get, or for the privilege of working for someone else. Even the desperation induced by unemployment cannot justify such practices.

Transformation

He was so young, so ardent, and his bow
So swift and sure. He made his violin sing
Immaculate strains. Exquisite music poured
Like floods of sunlight from an angel's wing.

But though his skill and fervor were sublime,
He had no power to trouble or enthrall;
Whoever came to listen, praised and left
With only flawless beauty to recall.

One day a fickle woman took his heart
And pledged it for the banter of her days.
Now, though as grim and cold as stone himself,
His music moves the spirit when he plays.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

CARL SCHMITT'S ART

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE most memorable pictures by a present-day painter that I have seen in a long time are being exhibited in the Park Avenue Galleries. They are by Carl Schmitt and they number only thirteen. Practically all are religious paintings, religious, not merely because they deal with traditional sacred subjects, but because they come out of those exaltations that set us above the temporal world. Those exaltations are always on the verge of passing into exultations. Thus in the painting, named Immanent Trinity Decoration, the crucified figure is laid upon colors so rich as to make us understand that the earth is not dull and inert, but is like a bouquet of flowers, or a casket of jewels. This is magnificent as decoration—it is like a mosaic in its reds and blues and gold. And as like as this to a mosaic is another picture to a wood-carving: this is the Guardian Angel that has such a quality of fulness that it seems to be solid; a remarkable technical accomplishment in this painting makes the eyes so watchful, so unbaffled. There is another angel among the thirteen paintings—the Angel of the Resurrection, who stands with up-pointing hands in a crumbling world: this figure in red and white is the most austere that Carl Schmitt has painted.

For austerity is not the mark of this religious painter; he gives us rapture most often, he gives us gaiety sometimes. There is gaiety, there is playfulness even in the Madonna in White, in which a happy babe is held by a happy mother, and four sturdy children have the place of heraldic supports. The Madonna in Orange is a strange and very memorable picture—a childlike Madonna with curiously long eyes and an orange band around her: the colors are strange—they are like metal rimmed with flame. There is an Annunciation in which there is a single figure—the Virgin with hands folded and raised accepting with startled reverence the word given her; she is not childlike, this Virgin with the golden-brown eyes, but one who has toiled and waited. Then there is The Madonna with Milk-bottle in which we have a modern type in a beautiful design. There are two Gethsemanes among the paintings; the one that impressed me most is the Gethsemane in Blue in which the figure of Christ is not bowed, but upheld, a figure of great tension. In all these religious paintings there is something that is very seldom found in the art of today, that is as rare in painting as it is rare in poetry—the quality of rapture.

There is one portrait here—portrait of Michael Monahan: it is only a sketch; as though at a distance one sees a man who has become still with some thought or memory; it is so sympathetically painted that one accepts it as a revelation of the sitter.

I had seen some of these pictures before and in a place that had a different atmosphere from that of a

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picture gallery. I had seen them in the painter's house, on rough walls, hanging above where children played or where a family sat at a meal. In these surroundings they had seemed natural and right—they had enshrined the reality that was around. And here beside the Silvermine River in Connecticut I talked with a man who might have worked in one of the cathedrals or belonged to a mediaeval guild of craftsmen, a man who considers art in relation to an economy utterly different from the one that is dominant among us in the world today.

For to Carl Schmitt our civilization is one of "vehicles"—of means that fill our minds almost to the exclusion of ends—the musician is not thought of behind the array of radios, the writer with some compelling experience is not thought of behind the mass of printing, a place to content us is not thought of as being at the end of the line of moving automobiles. Means are becoming ends in themselves while ends are being disregarded. Mass production, not individual creation or individual discovery, or even individual use, is what the world turns to and turns to more and more. Does the modern metropolitan society want art—that is to say the communication of profound individual experience? There is no evidence that it does; it is getting on to its liking with substitutes for art. But although it does not want art in the sense of desiring it, it certainly wants it in the sense of needing it.

The divergence between the artist and the world we are living in is plainly shown in certain sentences which this painter has written in a note-book which I have borrowed from him. I transcribe these sentences here.

> The final responsibility for the quality of a musical composition, a poem or a picture, rests upon the aesthetic conscience of those who support the artist.
>
> Music, literature and painting are essentially "peasant" arts, that is, as artists, the workers in these arts are fundamentally of the "serving" class.
>
> In a balanced society (one showing a unity of three basic classes—the servant, the steward, the master) the artist is the servant attached through special patronage to the prince or master. The artist is bound by ties of charity to please the patron.
>
> In the confusion of the present social structure the artist is still essentially the servant, but lacking a master in the fullest sense of the word he attaches himself to a member of any class who will support him. That his patron is of the steward or middle class, makes such attachment today not without irony. Instinctively bound by ties of gratitude he must, he feels, go as far as possible in rendering his work (by nature meant for the prince) intelligible to the shifting tastes of the plutocrat. He still hopes, however, that somehow out of this sterile banking, trading, transporting world, a prince will arise to give him true appreciation and security.
>
> At present the artist is a dog without a master.

This manifesto, I expect, will be disquieting to those who think that this world of enormous and anonymous productivity is likely to create or foster art.

THE KING'S RELIGION

By DENIS GWYNN

THE conversion of famous people to Catholicism has been so frequent and so marked a phenomenon in England during the past eighty years that it is often asked, with increasing curiosity, what would happen if either the king or his heir-apparent should wish to become a Catholic? Two years ago Cardinal Bourne himself indulged publicly in speculations concerning such a contingency; and this autumn the question will become a matter of practical politics when the Prime Ministers of all the self-governing dominions assemble in London for the imperial conference.

It is not too much to say that, if the dominions show strong feeling on the subject—and there is every reason why they should— the coronation oath and the Act of Settlement of 1701 will have to be thrown overboard. A new situation has arisen through the rapid development of dominion independence throughout the British commonwealth since the war; and the forthcoming imperial conference will have to consider and decide many problems which appear to involve an infringement upon that political sovereignty which all the dominions now claim as their admitted right.

Many of these questions—as, for instance, the right of appeal to the king in council; the rights and status of the governors-general; the signing of treaties; the granting of credentials to diplomatic agents—have made it necessary to define much more clearly the status of the king in relation to each component part of the British commonwealth. And when the last imperial conference four years ago produced its epoch-marking report, it was agreed that the official title of the king should henceforth be changed. Instead of being, as formerly, king collectively of Great Britain and Ireland and of the dominions beyond the seas, His Majesty has now become, under the revised constitution of the British empire, king of each country separately. He is advised directly by the ministers of each country on all affairs concerning it; and the fact that he is also king of Britain does not give the British government any overriding authority in regard to the other states of the commonwealth, whose coequality is now formally proclaimed.

Now, one question which occurs at once in any reconsideration of the king's constitutional position is that by the Act of Settlement he is obliged to be a loyal Protestant and is warned that he will forfeit his crown if he should ever cease to be one. The Act of Settlement is less concerned to ensure that the king shall be a sincere believer in the Established Church of England, than that he shall on no account be a Catholic. It provides:

"That all and every person or persons that is, are or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with, the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the crown and government of this realm and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use, or exercise, any regal power, authority, or jurisdiction within the same; and in all such case or cases, the people of these realms shall be and are hereby absolved of their allegiance, and the said crown and government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by such person or persons, being Protestant, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said person or persons so reconciled, holding communion or professing or marrying as aforesaid, were naturally dead."

Through Queen Victoria's long reign, the terms of that Act

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still represented more or less faithfully what the bulk of the people of England felt in regard to maintaining the dignity and the integrity of the Established Church. But when her death, at a great age, confronted her then elderly son, King Edward VII, with the formalities of the coronation and the declaration of religious belief that had to be accepted by him, great changes had in fact taken place. It was with intense reluctance that King Edward murmured in a deliberately inaudible tone the coronation declaration with its insults to the religion of his Catholic subjects; and it was largely with the King's personal assistance that the change was subsequently made, which relieved King George of having to make the same declaration when he ascended the throne.

The coronation oath, however, in the form which emerged from that last change in 1910, still runs as follows:

"I do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess, testify and declare that I am a faithful Protestant, and that I will, according to the true intent of the enactments which secure the Protestant succession to the throne of my realm, uphold and maintain the said enactments to the best of my power according to law."

There is therefore no direct attack on Catholicism, as such, in the coronation oath; but it still requires a profession of faith which even in Great Britain is nowadays no longer in accordance with the general ideas of His Majesty's subjects. How much more is it out of sympathy with conditions in the various dominions of which the king is now the directly responsible sovereign. The statistics of religious denominations in the overseas dominions show a startling discrepancy between actual conditions and the statute book; and to consider and remove such discrepancies is the immediate purpose of the imperial conference which is to meet this September. The total Catholic population of the six dominions (Australia, Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, South Africa and the Irish Free State) is more than 7,600,000 against less than 4,900,000 members of the Church of England and less than 2,500,000 Presbyterians, in the same countries. The total Catholic population is in fact larger than that of the Church of England and Presbyterians combined.

In face of such conditions it is considered by many people to be a most absurd anomaly that the king, who is nowadays directly sovereign of each of the dominions, should be obliged by an obsolete law to proclaim himself a loyal member of the Church of England. It happens also that in the most Catholic of the king's dominions this anomaly involves a direct violation of the constitution—and the avowed purpose of the next imperial conference is to remove all such anomalies. It was the English signatories to the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921 who insisted most strongly upon the inclusion of the admirable provision which guarantees freedom of conscience to every citizen of the Irish Free State. Article 8 of the Irish constitution is based directly upon the treaty signed in Downing Street, and it provides that "Freedom of conscience, with free profession and practice of religion . . . are guaranteed to every citizen, and no law can be made, either directly or indirectly, to endow any religion, to prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give any preference, or impose any disability on account of religious belief or religious status."

No amount of legal ingenuity could possibly reconcile that article of the Irish constitution with the coronation oath which compels the king to profess himself a faithful member of the Established Church, no matter what his private inclinations may be. Still less can the Irish constitution, which in this respect is directly based upon the Anglo-Irish treaty, be harmonized with the Act of Settlement, which threatens the king with forfeiture of his throne if he is not a faithful Protestant. And the position is made specially interesting because the Irish Free State has been more active than any other dominion in insisting upon the full implications of dominion status and upon the removal of all obsolete practices or anomalies.

The Irish government has already announced its intention of raising every question that involves such encroachments upon dominion independence. In the last conference the late Kevin O'Higgins was by common consent a dominating personality. He knew what he wanted, and with his extraordinary intellectual power and political acumen he secured most of his demands. Those matters which were not then decided were left over for the next imperial conference, and in the meantime a committee of experts were to examine and prepare the ground. Quite recently the report of that preparatory conference of experts has been published. Among the questions concerning which it reached a preliminary agreement was that of the future succession to the throne—that any possible changes in regard to the succession must in future receive the consent of all the dominions instead of being a purely British affair. The fact that such matters were discussed seems to indicate clearly enough that the whole question of the king's succession has been under discussion.

Is it too much to expect that the coronation oath and the Act of Settlement will be candidly reviewed when the imperial conference meets in September? The conditions could scarcely be more favorable for a revision of the statutes. A definite anomaly has arisen in the case of the Irish Free State, which guarantees freedom of conscience by its constitution yet has a king who is left unfree by an old law. How will the other dominions regard the matter? Canada may be expected, as usual, to send a majority of Catholic delegates. Newfoundland, with a population half Catholic, will scarcely insist upon the Protestant succession being preserved. And in the two countries which have Protestant majorities and which are generally regarded as most conservative in imperial relations, Australia and New Zealand, it happens that both will be represented by Catholic Prime Ministers.

New Zealand will send the senior member of the conference in the veteran Catholic statesman, Sir Joseph Ward, who will probably be the only survivor of prewar conferences. Australia will send the most junior Prime Minister in Mr. Scullin, who is known to be an uncompromising Catholic and is commonly described as "the Al Smith of Australia." Their attitude as Catholics can scarcely be doubted, if and when Mr. Cosgrave—himself one of the veterans of former conferences and enjoying the unique prestige of having been nearly ten years continuously in office—demands that the restrictions upon the king's liberty of conscience should be removed.

Even in Great Britain the obsolete anti-Catholic statutes involve many anomalies. Not least is the fact that the Catholic duke of Norfolk, head of the English peerage, is hereditary earl marshal and ex officio has charge of all the coronation ceremonies. It is no secret that the personal friendship of King Edward VII with the late duke was one of the chief reasons for abolishing the coronation declaration. Only a few years ago the Catholic Lord Lovat was Secretary for the Dominions in Mr. Baldwin's government; and it is nowadays seldom that any government does not include some prominent Catholic figure. So Cardinal Bourne said nothing even surprising two years ago when he declared that if the king should become a Catholic and thereby forfeit his right to the throne, many Englishmen would voluntarily renew their allegiance to him—while the

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dominions would have very little sympathy with the obsolete statutes.

But there is no immediate or even probable question of the king becoming a Catholic. The real question is whether he may enjoy the same freedom of conscience that is guaranteed to all his subjects, whether he should wish to be known as an agnostic or as a Catholic or anything else. If that issue is pressed with vigor by the Catholic delegates—as it ought to be and in all probability it will be—when this next imperial conference meets, then there can be little doubt that yet another revolutionary change in the British constitution will be effected without arousing any serious opposition.

TEMPERANCE VS. PROHIBITION

By WILLIAM EVERETT

MY OWN observation for the last half-century, as regards the relative advantages of temperance and total abstinence, has been somewhat narrow and restricted, but perhaps this very limitation has made it more thorough as far as it went, as "in the narrow circle of the watch-maker's eye." I have named a half-century as the period of my observation, but I might almost as well make it three centuries; for the families which I have known best have been here that length of time, and their family history down to the last detail, is still—as it always has been—common property of the neighborhood. These families may loosely be divided into three groups.

Those few which have run down because of overindulgence in drink by the men; those which, owing to a tendency in that direction, have sworn off entirely for a generation or two and not only practised total abstinence, but endeavored to force it upon everyone else; and those who have always practised temperance in the use of wine, cider and various liquors, at times verging on intemperance.

It is from this last group—almost without exception—that have sprung the men who have gone ahead and made a name for themselves in law, medicine, education, art, literature and the affairs of town, state and government. Now I do not believe for a moment that it was drink which gave them the power to go ahead, but I do firmly believe that the man who lacks the power to face temptation and hold it firmly in check, but must needs run away from it, also lacks, in most cases, the power to achieve what is commonly termed success.

Of course our families have intermarried more or less as one generation followed another, but, contrary to a theory which appears to have become somewhat popular of late, local observation points out very clearly that inheritance goes down only on the male side.

Physical and mental characteristics of grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather keep cropping up, clear cut and unmistakable, but I have never known or heard mentioned an instance of daughter or son showing any of the strongly marked traits or physical characteristics of the grandmother or great-grandmother, though these women of a past generation were possessed of strong, earnest personalities and exerted an influence equal to that of the men in affairs generally. Sons and daughters alike are apt to bear closer resemblance to their mother than to their father, but this inheritance on the female side seems to come to an end, and in classifying our local families into these three groups I have depended wholly upon the family surname.

How often we read that the children of a hard drinker are certain to be degenerate! Such cases unquestionably occur; yet since they have received the greatest publicity, let us now look on the other side. I could name plenty of old families hereabout that tip the scales the other way, but I must avoid too obvious personalities and I am only going to risk the description of one family of later comers. An Irishman came here right from the old country, an honest working-man possessed of the true Irish humor, but too much addicted to drink. One summer evening as he reined up the two-horse milk wagon in front of our barn, he pitched headforemost down between the horses. Climbing up laboriously by means of whiffle tree, britchen and crupper, he remarked to my father "Arrah thin, I'm a leetle asthrraddle. The drink was stronger thin myself that time." In spite of this habit he earned enough to buy land and build a house on it. His son—likewise addicted to drink—was honest and industrious between his sprees, and married the daughter of a local family who had also been hard drinkers for several generations, yet their sons and daughters live here now, healthy, sober and industrious, with children of their own who promise well for the future.

As regards the final outcome between wet and dry, the future is exceedingly obscure. History, I think, fails to record any conflict wherein the two sides were quite so evenly matched, as far as numbers go at least. Some signs point one way and some the other. It would naturally appear safe to assume that the side which felt surest of a majority would be the one most likely to call for a count of heads, and it is the wets who call for a referendum while the drys oppose it. If the drys were really so sure of being in the majority, would they not be foremost in calling for a counting up which would so greatly strengthen their cause?

On the other hand there are many who look with disfavor on the present condition of things, yet fear that worse still might follow in the wake of too pronounced a change; for the followers of the crowd are so apt to go from one extreme to the other.

Just what the final outcome will be, who can say? I am going to hazard three guesses as follows:

(1) That by calling out the entire force of law and government control, the manufacture and sale of all alcohol beverages will be stopped; in which case the great multitudes who now vote dry without practising self-control on their own part, including bootleggers and moonshiners and all who prosper because of that law, will come over to the wet side in a body, and, demanding a referendum, tip the balance in favor of repeal.

(2) That the actual impossibility of enforcing the law, will in time be brought home to the people of the country at large, and the law in question will be repealed.

(3) That the law will stand forever just as it is now, as have the old "blue laws" of a past generation, and like those will be completely forgotten by most of us and our descendants.

Porto Rican Hacienda

Afternoon in Don Efrén's field
Tastes of honey and cinnamon and cassava root
And is drowsily heavy with yield
Of thickly fledged furrow and groves of wild fruit.
Sun-colored with mango, night-colored with cane,
Pungent with rose-apple, drowsy with water,
It smells of roasting coffee and jasmine and rain,
Of fields plowed by the oxen of old Don Efrén—
And is sultry and still as Don Efrén's daughter.

MUNA LEE.

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COMMUNICATIONS

WHEN A BOOK IS NOT A BOOK

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A marked copy of The Commonweal, with an editorial discussion of the recent textbook controversy, has just come to my desk. There is one phase of the incident with regard to which, as it appears to me, there is some confusion; and I venture to believe that your readers would be glad to know the facts. I refer to the sequence of events leading up to the decision of the Board of Education to remove the textbook, Modern History, from the list of approved texts. In justice to the Board these facts should be known.

On January 31, I wrote to President Ryan protesting against the book in general terms, stating the grounds of my objection, but without indicating specific passages. I purposely refrained from doing so in order that the judgment of the Board might not be prejudiced one way or the other. He replied on February 4, stating that the matter had been referred to Dr. Harold G. Campbell for report. I thereupon wrote to Dr. Campbell a similar outline of my objections. On March 21 I wrote a brief note to President Ryan, asking if a decision had been reached. He replied on March 27 with the announcement of the Board's action. It will appear from this that my "persistence, in pressing the complaint" has been somewhat exaggerated by the press.

The procedure of the Board in reaching their decision is told by Dr. Campbell himself, but his statement was reported in such fragmentary fashion that it is necessary to piece together the accounts of different papers in order to get the full story. It is as follows:

The New York Times, May 3, 1930: "According to Dr. Campbell, the board of superintendents responsible for the textbooks used in the schools, immediately directed a committee of history teachers to reread Modern History in the light of his (Haughwout's) objection, in search of any passages which might have caused such a complaint. The readers found such passages, Mr. Campbell said, and he was willing to communicate them to the authors or to their publisher, the Macmillan Company."

The New York Times, May 6: Dr. Campbell said, "I wish that you would make it clear that the book was barred after a careful reading by a committee, and, instead of acting in response to the protest of a single individual we had other protests while the book was under consideration."

The Herald-Tribune, May 6: "Dr. Campbell also revealed that Mr. Shiebler was only one of fifteen persons whom he had asked to read the book, and that although the fifteen had different opinions on different passages, they were unanimous in opposing the book as a whole."

The New York World, May 7: Dr. Campbell, "Criticism of this book has been made to me by many others in regard to its attitude on economic and social problems."

Certain facts stand out very clearly from the foregoing: (1) that no undue pressure was brought to bear upon the Board; (2) that Dr. Campbell did not act precipitately, as has been charged; (3) that a proper investigation of the book was made by a competent committee, consisting of fifteen history teachers; (4) that their recommendation advising that the book be removed from the list of approved texts was unanimous. I feel that it is simple justice to Dr. Campbell and his associates on the Board that these facts should be known. Personally I do not see how they could have decided otherwise in the face of such a report from the committee appointed to read the book. It will appear also, I think, that my own part in the affair has somewhat exaggerated.

My personal beliefs, prejudices and viewpoints, which you also discuss, are of no great importance. As it happens, however, I am, and have been for many years, a devout and admiring student of the middle-ages. So highly do I esteem the culture and religious life of that period, that I do not feel there is any necessity for covering up the failures and mistakes. With all these confessed, it remains an era of supreme achievement. Whether internationally minded or not, in accordance with your standards, I at least believe in the League of Nations, and am fully alive to the dangers of exaggerated nationalism. I thank you for your courtesy.

REV. LEFFERD M. HAUGHWOUT.

(Just one thought suggests itself in connection with the above interesting letter. Statements to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no evidence whatever—at least nothing more than a vague reference to evidence—that the "committee" in question ever included more people than Mr. Shiebler. It would, at all events, be worth the public's while to know the real truth in the matter. We judge from a recently issued statement by the Macmillan Company that the publishers have been left in the dark concerning it.—The Editors.)

PROHIBITION IN INDIA

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I think your readers will be interested in a letter that I received this morning from the Reverend Joseph C. Panjikaran, Ph.D., D.D., D.C.L., president, Propagation of Faith, director, Malabar Catholic Hospital, correspondent, Fides News Service, who writes from the archbishop's house in Ernakulam, India:

"I presided over perhaps the biggest prohibition meeting (the Malabar Catholic Congress attended by 6,000 people) ever held in this part of the world. This Good Friday I was preaching to an audience of not less than twelve thousand Catholics and, expatiating on the words "I Thirst." I requested the people to take to prohibition and I think that my words told.

"You will be glad to know that in one of our parishes which was notorious for the number of its drunkards the insistent preaching of the vicar for a year on the same subject, coupled with moral persuasion, has turned that parish into an absolute prohibition centre and the place is the talk of all Malabar. All the efforts of government to auction liquor shops in that place have been frustrated as not a single soul would come forward to aid them."

REV. JOSEPH REINER, S.J.
Dean, College of Arts and Sciences, Loyola University.

GANDHI'S INDIA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Apropos of your editorial on Gandhi's India, if you will look at Punch's cartoon "Sitting Tight," (May 14) you will see the conclusion which is the hope and conviction of every loyal Briton.

ONE OF THEM.

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PROHIBITION—A POLITICAL ISSUE

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—During the past few years, the editorial policy of The Commonweal on the prohibition question has been altogether commendable from the writer's viewpoint in as much as it has consistently held that the prohibition experiment, however noble in theory it may be, has proved to be an atrociously abominable thing in practice when viewed from its moral, social and constitutional aspects. And it is precisely because The Commonweal so deeply deplores the havoc wrought to the cause of true temperance by constitutional prohibition that it is difficult to fathom its recent editorial statement to the effect that it (The Commonweal) would view with alarm any attempt to make the prohibition issue a political issue, or to make a political candidate's fitness for public office depend solely upon his stand on the wet and dry issue.

To be perfectly frank about the matter, it would seem to be a rather tardy or belated warning to the electorate not to make the prohibition issue a political issue. Unquestionably, *it would be for the best interests of the country if it were* possible, or feasible, for the wets to give heed to this warning. Theoretically, it would naturally seem that the general welfare would best be promoted if the general merits of a particular candidate were to be taken into consideration, when passing judgment on his or her fitness for public office. But unfortunately, we are not confronted with theories. We are face to face with a group of cold, hard facts which we may just as well deal with today as tomorrow. A few of these facts are:

(1) The Eighteenth Amendment is in the constitution because the prohibition issue was made a political issue by the drys when the average individual was making grimaces at prohibition leaders over his glass of beer.

(2) The Eighteenth Amendment and subsequent dry enforcement legislation, such as the pernicious Jones-Stalker law, is still the supreme law of the land because the drys have, with an admirable persistency, continued to make the prohibition issue a political issue.

(3) The wets are a miserably impotent minority in the halls of our state and national legislatures precisely because they have refused to make the prohibition issue a political issue.

(4) The drys are completely in control of our state and national legislatures precisely because they have made the prohibition issue a political issue.

When faced with facts, such as these, it is idle to wander or roam into the delightful realms of theory. A concrete case or example of how things work out may help me to drive my point home.

Massachusetts is a wet state. Of that there can be no reasonable doubt. In a referendum held at the 1928 elections the only question to be voted on was the outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. And the final tabulation of that vote showed that a majority of 284,000 of the Massachusetts electorate favored the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Practically every congressional district in the state, not excepting the so-called dry, rural districts voted wet. And yet the state of Massachusetts is represented in the Congress by an overwhelmingly dry delegation. Why? Simply because the drys have made the prohibition issue a political issue in past contests and have held the balance of power, while the wets have not made the prohibition issue a political issue and have been content to vote for party labels, for old friends and what have you. It can easily be seen how a dry minority concentrating its efforts and energies in a single channel can rule a wet majority whose superior strength is wasted and scattered between a number of candidates, some of whom are wet and some of whom are dry. And what is true of Massachusetts is true to a greater or lesser extent of every other state in the union. Hence to advise the wet forces to continue muddling along in the old way is sheer nonsense in the writer's judgment.

If we desire to bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment we should be willing to use the means to gain our objective. For to desire the attainment of an objective and at the same time resolutely refuse to make use of the means to achieve our end would seem to be the height of folly. And since the drys will continue to make the prohibition issue a political issue it is absolutely essential that the wets do the same thing from now on. Either that, or let us stop talking once and for all about the desirability of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment.

The writer would appreciate an editorial opinion on this particular phase of the question. Perhaps the writer is mistaken in holding to the opinion that prohibition must be made a political issue if we ever hope to get our government back to its old moorings. There may be another way of securing the repeal of our dry laws. What is it?

JAMES F. DESMOND.

THE LITURGICAL MOVEMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The liturgical movement is growing and its effects are already manifest. One has only to compare the number of missals seen today in our larger churches with that observed but a few years ago. I am sure that The Commonweal has a generous share in responsibility for this happy revival—for a revival it certainly is. Was not the use of the Layfolks' Mass-book widespread among our forefathers in mediaeval England?

Possibly there will continue to be many Catholics who resent any suggestion as to a change in their private devotions at Mass. Allowance must also be made for certain temperamental differences. Moreover, I would be among the first to announce that no sensible person expects a dead uniformity with regard to the use of the missal. How preposterous that would be in a Church which exists for people of every social stratum, nay even for people in every stage of civilization!

Yet I believe that there remains a large body of intelligent laymen who would use the missal, if only they knew more about it. I understand that in several of our large city parishes the meaning and appreciation of the missal are being expounded to children of Sunday-school age, while the priest is saying Mass. There should obviously be a great deal more of this sort of instruction. Also classes should be organized for those adults who are interested.

And at least a modicum of formal instruction is a sine qua non. It takes a while to find one's way about in the missal. Then I have the authority of both Fathers Fortescue and Martindale in saying that many prayers of the Roman Mass are severely austere; there is nothing tawdry or sensational about them. Indeed, they appear to lack the more exotic poetry of some Eastern rites. A taste for the liturgy of our Church must be developed. But this is promptly acquired by one who sets out to appreciate and enjoy the very words used by the priest at Mass.

Finally, it is well to remember that the prayers of the Roman missal are in no wise the aspirations of one man alone. They represent the fervent verses of praise and thanksgiving of *many men and many generations.*

DAVID A. ELMS.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Silent Enemy

I SUBMIT The Silent Enemy as triumphant support of at least one contention I have made concerning the screen—namely, that it can re-create history or historical conditions with a wealth of illusion which no other medium can achieve. The period of The Silent Enemy is "any time before Columbus"—its theme, the fight of the Indian tribes against the threat of hunger and famine—its setting, the primeval forests of eastern Canada and the barren lands just west of Hudson Bay. It is acted entirely by native Indians, and produced by William Douglas Burden and William C. Chanler in the spirit of an authentic record of an almost lost human era. The producers have made it a special point to include no trick photography. What you see before you actually took place—whether it be the fight of a mountain lion and a bear, or timber wolves attacking a bull moose, the passing of a great caribou herd, or the treking northward of the tribe in biting blizzards and temperatures thirty-five degrees below zero.

The simple story partakes of epic quality in directness, grandeur and proportion. Nature plays the dual rôle of friend and bitter enemy. Baluk—the great hunter of the tribe—is an almost Homeric figure, certainly the equal of the heroes of Norse legend. His leadership is doubted. The medicine man of his own tribe seeks to discredit him. But Baluk persists. The only hope of the tribe against starvation is to forge far into the barren lands of the north before the crossing of the great caribou herd. But at the end of the long trail, no caribou are to be found. The old men and women of the tribe are dying from cold and starvation. Chetoga, the old chief, goes off alone to fast and meditate and commune with the Great Spirit. The ordeal proves too much. He dies. And still the caribou do not come. The medicine man stirs up the tribe against Baluk, demanding that he be sacrificed to appease the outraged deity. Baluk elects to die by fire, and goes to his funeral pyre to chant his death song. But even as the flames are creeping upon him, signal fires from the north proclaim the coming of the great herd. Baluk is caught back from the pyre to lead the huntsmen. They spread over the wind-swept plains and crouch in waiting for the oncoming caribou. Singly, then by hundreds, and then by thousands the caribou come on. The huntsmen close in upon them. The stampede begins. Little Cheeka—a boy of the tribe—is caught in the mad current. He crouches beside a dead caribou, and the herd passes over him. Later Baluk picks him up, almost dead from fright, but uninjured. Baluk and his huntsmen return to the camp with their plentiful kill. The tribe has been rescued from the silent enemy. There is feasting and rejoicing around the camp fires of the Ojibways.

The story of the making of this picture is a romance in itself. How the north country had to be searched for Indians to play the parts, how old men had to be found here and there who remembered enough of the ancient traditions to make the canoes, the spears, the bows and arrows and the snow shoes, how bits of legend and tribe lore had to be patched together to insure authentic detail, and finally, how equipment and the band of Indians had to be brought through the forests and barren lands of Canada in the dead of winter to wait for the actual crossing of the caribou herd—there is enough in all this to make a story on its own account. But the attempt was worth the cost. No such authentic record of the heroism of a passing race has ever been made. A few years from now, it would have been impossible to make, as those few Indians who form a link with the past are rapidly dying out.

But no outline of the story, nor any account of the difficulties in bringing it to the screen, can give an adequate idea of the beauty and impressiveness of the finished picture. Fortunately, it is presented as a silent film, except for the special musical score by Kur Zhene, based on Indian melodies and chants, and occasional sound effects to heighten the action. In such cases, silence helps to maintain the illusion. The producers tell us that 225,000 feet of film were taken in all to get the necessary 8,000 feet for the final picture. This is quite easy to believe, if the beauty and excellence of the sections actually shown are any criterion of the effort involved. From the peaceful pine forests, jutting rocks and turbulent streams of the fall encampment of the Ojibways, teeming with life and incident, to the bleak stretches of the north lands and ice and snow, the film is a photographic record of surpassing majesty. Some scenes are unforgettable—such as Chetoga sitting on his lonely rock, communing with his God through night and day, even until he is buried in snow, or the slaying of the bull moose by Baluk's spear, or the dance of the medicine man when he is stirring the tribe against Baluk, or the thundering stampede of the caribou herd, or the thin line of the tribe, barely visible through the driving snow, pushing interminably north. No stage could ever catch such magic. (At the Criterion Theatre.)

One Romantic Night

JUST why the screen should change the titles of well-known plays remains a profound mystery. Here we have The Swan, adapted from that highly successful play by no other dramatist than Molnar—assets, we should suppose, under any commercial valuation of good-will—yet the screen producers insist upon giving it a title wholly out of line with its intention and its plot.

Few stories can live up to the word "romance." Certainly the screen version of The Swan cannot. The story is a trifle satirical, edged with rather too broad comedy, and is certainly not intense enough, in either its loves, hates or adventures, to inspire the slightest feeling of romance. The princess (Lillian Gish) torn between her brothers' tutor and the crown prince of a neighboring state becomes a negative little creature, who knows her own mind none too well, and contributes neither the qualities of rich devotion nor proud self-sacrifice. The audience is asked to like, and to sympathize with, two heroes at once, with the usual result that both appear exceedingly tame.

Some of the trouble with the screen version lies in the unhappy choice of Rod La Rocque as the prince. Mr. La Rocque is one of the unsuccessful carry-overs from the silent screen—a young man with less sense of diction than the average run of good amateurs, with a pronounced sectional accent, and a lumbering way of trying to be suave that renders him just a bit ridiculous. He might do well enough in a straight film of modern American life, but to project him into the circle of even a Graustarkian nobility is like asking Mayor Thompson of Chicago to impersonate his hated rival, King George. Mistakes

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in casting of this sort break up the illusion of the screen. As time goes on, they will become less frequent. They are part of the difficult transition from silence to speech—that same transition which has snuffed out the careers of many beautiful ladies of the screen and given to others a new lease of life and popularity.

Nor is Conrad Nagle, as the tutor, particularly interesting. The fault is not entirely his. The picture script has been given a false balance and proportion. The tutor, upon whom the story turns, has been made almost a minor incident, pale both in action and in dialogue. Mr. Nagle, however, seems to accept this fate a little too easily, as if yielding to general discouragement. That grand comedienne, Marie Dressler, as the scheming mother of the princess, manages to enliven the picture at intervals, but at the expense of illusion. After all, if you are going to have a play turn on the difference in rank between a princess and a tutor who is "up from peasantry," you have to maintain the illusion of a court circle and its traditions. Your comedy has to be a trifle more subtle than a George Kelly portrait of the midwest. Paul Stein, the director, has let Miss Dressler clown a trifle too much. He has also neglected so many details of the simplest etiquette that the whole idea and purpose of the story breaks down. The tutor, for example, would hardly push ahead of the dowager princess in entering the ball room!

There remains Lillian Gish. She has not only mastered microphone diction thoroughly, but has learned how to make speech add to the effectiveness of her work. She is not a versatile actress. Her artistry is fragile and limited, but altogether exquisite within its bounds. Her performance is as satisfactory as the acting version permits. (At the Rivoli Theatre.)

The Midnight Mystery

ASIDE from the fact that this is a reasonably good mystery thriller, its chief interest lies in certain basic changes made during the process of adaptation from the stage play called Hawk Island. The play was something of a failure. The screen story promises to be something of a success. The difference lies in one of those simple twists which form the basis of most successful pay doctoring.

In the play version, the most of a house-party on a secluded island becomes so tired of the talk of a certain writer of detective stories that he stages a fake murder, just to show how different reality can be from fiction. The affair becomes serious when one of the guests does actually murder the "corpse"—with the intent of putting the blame on the host. This general idea is retained in the screen version, but the human interest is heightened by turning the fiancée of the host into the detective story writer—thus unifying the dramatic interest and heightening the importance of one of the feminine rôles. This principle of telescoping situations so as to reduce the number of characters and increase the importance of each has often saved many a play from disaster. In the case of Hawk Island, the idea came too late to help the stage situation, but in time to improve the film version notably. (At the Globe Theatre.)

Harvest

Some grains of wheat, the sunshine and the rain—
Yea! what philosopher in all his pride,
This miracle of nature shall explain,
For lo, the loaves again are multiplied!

THOMAS E. BURKE.

BOOKS

Against Centralization

The Growth and Decadence of Constitutional Government, by J. Allen Smith. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

WERE Professor J. Allen Smith, now living he would be conservative enough to be called a radical. It is difficult to believe that so thorough-going a Jeffersonian lived in our midst but a few years ago. His work tells the story of the old American ideals—their rise, their incorporation in the Declaration of Independence, their decline beginning with the writing and adoption of our present constitution. Personal liberty (this does not refer to the Eighteenth Amendment) freedom of criticism, the right of resistance even to the point of armed rebellion—these sacred rights have been obscured by the prevalence of the nineteenth-century idea of the omnipotent state, by the increasing tendencies toward governmental and economic centralization, and by the growing power and influence of monopolistic enterprise in industry. How strange to read in this era of socialized control a champion of the philosophy of individualism, of the social contract, of the benefits of free and open competition, and of the political theory of the separation of powers and limited government! Approving these ideas out of the past Professor Smith hits boldly at modern capitalism and modern socialism alike.

There is something pathetic about this cry against the centralizing forces of the day. There is, too, not a little of sterling truth in his admonitions. But in the confusion of the present hour it is not the time to ask, "Where were we?" but rather, "Where are we?" We are not to put an end to those inventions and devices which draw peoples within states more firmly together. We cannot decentralize simply for the sake of decentralizing or in a vain effort to bring back the agricultural past. How are we to tame the forces set on foot by the modern industrial age; how are we to increase intelligent popular control of the governmental and economic machines which control our destiny? Here are challenges and problems the solution of which give zest to living in this age.

Throughout the work we read such statements as, "This notion of the Supreme Court as an impersonal organ of the constitution . . . was gradually and adroitly insinuated into the public mind by the conservatives who wished to make the constitution yield not to popular, but to ruling-class, sentiment." The conservatives throughout our history have not been nearly so adroit and scheming as Professor Smith evidently believed them to have been. He seems to have believed that they have been in continuing conspiracy and intrigue to subvert the ideas of the American Revolution. Neither the great body of conservatives nor the great body of liberals have planned anything so carefully and with so much intelligent foresight. He seems to have pictured conservative spooks and spies dodging in and out among the pages of American history. Yet he is no more to be blamed for playing the part of nervous Nellie than our superpatriots who look under their beds every night for concealed Communists or who "know" all advocates of government ownership of anything from the town pump to the public utilities to be hirelings of Moscow.

There are real gems of political thought in the text of this book; one such gem is the following: "Any conception of patriotism suited to the needs of a democratic society must avoid the error of making institutional arrangements ends in themselves. While seeking to preserve all that is good and

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serviceable in them, it should recognize the fact that they often fall far short of the ideal, and that the highest type of citizen is not one who conceives his duty to be to protect his country against change, but who is willing to make such personal sacrifices as may be required in order that its institutions may be brought to the highest possible degree of excellence."

Professor Smith's book is worth the time one spends on it. If one lacks time, the last six chapters may be read with profit.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

Eldorado Hunters

De Soto and the Conquistadores, by Theodore Maynard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THE sixteenth-century Spanish conquests in both North and South America presented to Prescott and to the minor historians who followed him grave difficulties, both in the amassing of evidence and in the interpretation of such facts as were indisputable. The temptation to exaggerate either the cruelty or the glory of the Conquistadores has been a constant accompaniment of research. Even in our day the Spanish temperament is not an open book to internationalists and analytical historians. The operations of that temperament in a past to which we have largely lost the key, and toward which very definite and powerful prepossessions exist, are as great a challenge to judgment as any set of facts in history.

It is in this department that Mr. Maynard deserves high and special praise. The organization of his narrative sometimes does not—in spite of the constant pleasure his fine prose gives the reader—make the most of the mere drama of his facts; but his facts are meticulously marshaled, and judged with a fairness beyond anyone's power to impugn. There is no whitewashing here. There is large human tolerance, and sometimes warm liking, for those strange adventurers, half plunderers, half missionaries, whom Spain sent to possess the new world. But we get the full tale of their barbarities, treacheries and avarice as well as of their valor, discipline and piety. Mr. Maynard has kept the strains of his tapestry so well disentangled that crimson, black and pure white run parallel courses, and in the end make a logical picture. He points out that those who decry the cruelty of the conquerors may well remember that "during the reign of Elizabeth, huge crowds went out in holiday mood to see innocent priests dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, hanged, cut down while still alive, disemboweled and quartered"; but there is no more suggestion of his defending "the Spanish technique" than there is of his approving the English practice. He is never an imitation sixteenth-century commentator. He remains reassuringly modern, with all the modern lack of relish of mutilation and burning at the stake. That is why, when he finds extenuations for his Spaniards, and depicts their harshnesses as, in part at least, the scattered and desperate acts of civilization at bay, we believe him.

Thus the anomalies of men who combined "fatherly indulgence" to the converted and friendly Indians with ruthless ferocity to the hostile; who robbed a countryside but punished with death the soldiers who stole a few Indian blankets; who massacred whole communities at need, but shared their last rations with starving savages—become at least comprehensible. Thus, the story of Atahualpa the Inca is not incredible. They cared enough for his dignity to treat him like a prince in captivity, and enough for his soul to baptize him before death; but they strangled him on suspicion of arousing the Peruvian tribes, and then left the ingenuous record from which Mr. Maynard takes this laconic summary:

"Had De Soto returned that afternoon the sentence upon Atahualpa might not have been carried out; but he went further than he intended, and did not reach Caxamarca until a couple of days later. He was aghast at the news waiting for him. Blazing with anger he strode at once to the governor's quarters. He found Pizarro sitting gloomily in his room 'with a great felt hat, by way of mourning, slouched over his eyes.' Drawing his sword De Soto knocked the hat off, and bitterly reproved his commander. 'Sir, you have done a serious injustice. You should in any case have waited for our return. As a matter of fact, the accusation against Atahualpa is false. There is no gathering of armed men.' The body of Atahualpa was buried with every mark of respect, and with the ceremonial due his rank, in the church of Saint Francis, where a requiem Mass, due him as a Christian, was sung by Father Valverde, one of the signers of his death warrant."

The Peruvian expedition, in which De Soto played a minor part, gave him the reputation which led to his appointment by the emperor as governor of the Florida venture. It also helped him to acquire the technique of wilderness warfare which, on that venture, operated both for his destruction and his glory as a leader who never turned back. Of that redoubtable march to the Mississippi in search of elusive gold, Mr. Maynard has written so fully that his printed page has something of the value of a highly detailed map. It is in this very virtue that the only possible question arises that can arise about the book's effectiveness. Where all is given importance, what is salient and colorful tends at times to be submerged. The character of De Soto —brave, genial, wilful, confident of destiny, and finally thwarted and despairing—comes to us justly, but it comes bit by bit instead of with that startling integration that would give it a dramatic domination of these pages. The adventures of the men who chose to follow him, adventures which were brutal and amusing and heart-rending, are recorded rather on one level of scrupulous carefulness than with the selectiveness and enhancement of highly organized narration.

But there is always a question, of course, of how much artifice is allowable in the writing of history, and there can be no question at all of the cumulative value of Mr. Maynard's record. He has produced a distinguished piece of research, humanizing and giving its proper meaning and largeness to a part of the past too little understood. The book has the further advantage of an index, and illustrations from contemporary and seventeenth-century prints contained in the works of Ogilby, Montanus and others, with contemporary maps of the region covered by De Soto.

MARY KOLARS.

The Search for Truth

The Eternal Magnet: A History of Philosophy, by Siegfried Behn; translated and adapted by George N. Shuster. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $4.00.

THERE has long been felt the need of a presentation of the whole of philosophy seen from the viewpoint of the Catholic mind, but so set free from the encumbrances of technicalities as to be acceptable to the lay reader. There is interest in philosophy outside of academic circles, but to one who has not studied philosophy formally, and even to some who have, the history of human thought seems one vast maze of contradictions through which the reader despairs of finding his way without a guide. Dr. Behn has the qualifications we should look for in such a guide, and the translation Mr. George N. Shuster has made of his history of philosophy under the name

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of The Eternal Magnet makes this guidance available to the English reader.

The success that attended the appearance of the Art of Thinking, to say nothing of another book that purported to give the story of philosophy, makes it not unreasonable to hope that this work too will achieve the popularity it deserves. Yet it is to be noted that a wide popularity seems to demand a very considerable diluting of the strong wine of philosophic thought. The human interest of the philosopher's story rather than the intellectual interest of the history of his thought would seem to be what is held in mind by the writers who have their eyes fixed mostly on popular appeal. Now Dr. Behn does not appear to have had in mind an audience as volatile as the translation will have to interest if it hopes to reach best-seller proportions. He has not capitalized the human interest features at all. On the contrary even bare biographical details have been omitted and have had to be supplied by the translator. This may, of course, detract somewhat from the popularity of the work, though it is in reality the best evidence of its sincerity. The reader is not being led to think he is learning something about philosophy while he is merely being entertained with interesting anecdotes. When we undertake a difficult subject, it is only honest to recognize the difficulties. Simplification may be very good; but also it may be very vicious when it leads to the belief that we can hit off a whole system with an epithet.

The Eternal Magnet is divided into two books, of which the first gives about equal space to Greek philosophy and to the history of Christian thought down to what is generally counted as the beginning of the modern era in philosophy. The second book beginning with Descartes takes us down to the contemporary crisis in philosophy. This division is adequate and does not slight any philosophic interest. No doubt the intrinsic worth of the contribution to thought of the 300 years of the modern period would hardly entitle it to equal consideration with the 2,000 years preceding. But modern systems raise issues that are of present importance and must be dealt with in some detail, and many philosophers who are significant mostly for their errors must receive extended treatment because their errors have become fundamental in so much contemporary thought.

Dr. Behn does not take a narrow view of philosophy. He recognizes that speculation about the meaning and value of reality has not remained the exclusive property of the philosophers. "Among the great artists, above all among the poets, are to be found men gifted with metaphysical realization." But he sees also that "true philosophic thought always leads to the pinnacle of metaphysics," and that no satisfactory alternative can be found in "the guesses, the fictions and psychological theories which have come to substitute for philosophic truth." His original interest in aesthetics will explain why, more than the general run of writers on the history of philosophy, he takes account of the contributions to thought of poets and artists like Dante and Calderon, Shakespeare and Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci and Bach, who, as he says, cannot be understood without recourse to pure philosophy. And "this philosophy itself, in so far as it is modern, can be evaluated more satisfactorily and clearly if the great world poems (which are a kind of metaphysics of the second order) are taken into consideration."

All histories of philosophy will necessarily go over the same ground and will consequently show much similarity in their handling of their subject. But characteristic of Dr. Behn's treatment is the continuity he gives to it by his attempt to trace the course of truth through the variations of sysems and find the conclusions that will bear comparison with reality because they "are arrived at according to rule, and are correct, pertinent and *true*." He not merely outlines systems, but judges them according to this criterion, not thinking to find all truth in any one system, nor any system devoid of all truth. This is really in the spirit of Saint Augustine who tells us: "There is not any false doctrine that has not some truth mingled with it."

Significant, too, in Dr. Behn's work is the chapter on Franciscan philosophy as a preparation for modern science. It helps to a better and more complete understanding of the transition from the unity of mediaeval thought to the discord of modern thinking.

The translator has done an excellent piece of work. He has successfully overcome the difficulty of what he expresses himself as fearing would be the clumsiness of the German idiom in translation. The result is a clear and easily readable text. He has supplied the necessary biographical details for the reader less familiar with the history of philosophy, and in the case of the more important philosophers he has indicated works of reference from which readers who have become interested by the study of this volume will be able to enlarge the knowledge there acquired. We hope that such readers will be many, for the work here presented them in translation is distinctly worth while.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

The Jeffersonian State

The American Heresy, by Christopher Hollis. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

MR. HOLLIS is a better writer than he thinks he is, otherwise he would not detract from the excellence of The American Heresy by a forced flippancy. He has compiled too great a commentary, has drawn too fine a picture, to need the devices of the smart-aleck vogue. He need not fear he is dull, therefore this, for example, is scarcely forgivable: "Thomas Jefferson was a sandy-haired man, an architect, a market-gardener and the author of curious works—one, to refute the Comte de Buffon, on American animal life, and another, also on American animal life, called the Declaration of Independence."

In calling attention to Mr. Hollis's propensity to sacrifice substance to words in order to turn an epigram, I have uttered the chief criticism of his brilliant commentary on the downfall of democracy in the United States. But he shares this weakness in common with so many other young British authors. I think any one of them would contuse the eternal verities for an epigram.

With proper regard for his dialectic, so noticeable because of its general absence in present-day works, Mr. Hollis sets forth his thesis, develops his proofs with astonishing clearness, and states his conclusion in three succinct pages. His thesis is: the Jeffersonian state, which came to birth in the War of Independence, perished in the Civil War. Right off, this sounds as though Mr. Hollis were killing dead men. Such a thesis is so well established that it will soon be taught, de rigeur, in our public schools. But Mr. Hollis has made himself the prophet of this thesis as has no one else.

In the first place, like Mr. Dewey, he utilizes characters and events to prove his points. Perhaps Mr. Hollis has not read Mr. Dewey's recent opus, perhaps he has not even heard of instrumentalism. In any event he employs the instrumentalist method, making The American Heresy the history of four

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men—Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln and Wilson. The proof of his theory is drawn through their lives.

His portrait of Jefferson is very illuminating, and is made fascinating by theological pigmentation. His Calhoun is unusual, but the original was not quite so chauvinistic. There are some brilliant passages in his sketch of Lincoln, but Abe is his weakest subject and he should have been his strongest. In describing Wilson Mr. Hollis shines brightest—Wilson, who has little part in his thesis. In this section he says the American people are apathetic concerning elections. He should have been at the National Press Club the night of the last presidential election!

As founded by Thomas Jefferson the American state was an agricultural state, Mr. Hollis argues. The South is the true American state as it alone could live the ideals of the constitution. The industrial North was the real nullifier. Tariff and slave questions, if settled on constitutional principles, would have been decided in favor of the South. The North could not tolerate this. So the Civil War was fought to force the new political philosophy of the North on the Jeffersonian South. The state unit was destroyed as a result. And with that destruction "power was largely shifted from its nominal holders and passed into that of wealth." The new plutocracy has engendered a collapse of the capacity for political thought.

The American Heresy is brilliant, vivacious, readable—the result of evident hard work. Its author is twenty-eight years old, an Oxford bachelor of arts, and one of the most promising of the younger coterie of English essayists.

ANDREW G. HALEY.

Toward Coöperation

A New Economic Order; edited by Kirby Page. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THIS is a symposium in which twenty-four specialists participate under the editorship of Mr. Page. The first part of the volume is devoted to arguments, pro and con, on four rival world movements—capitalism, Fascism, communism, and socialism. The second part deals with very specific ways of transforming the competitive system into a coöperative order—minimum wage and family allowances, social insurance, labor's program, consumers' coöperation, government control of industry and others.

America has not been fertile in deliberate proposals for social reorganization. Our economists have been principally emendators, or at most have followed their noses. The nationalists of a century ago, and Henry George were the exceptions that proved the rule. Perhaps this volume establishes the fact that the long lane has its turning. What is here written marks a definite advance over Ely's work of a full generation ago. There is a livelier questioning of old sanctions, a readier purpose toward social change. We have not been adventuresome in this direction before because we have been in the leading-strings of physical prosperity. As Mr. Muzzey explains, "with . . . imagination in material things we combine a poverty of social ideas and a timidity of spirit that bid fair to make of us one of the most reactionary of all national groups in that period of bold social experimentation on which apparently the world must enter."

One leaves this review of sins, repentance and new evangels with two convictions: first, that competition and coöperation, as it was the distinguished service of Marx to point out, are not, in a time relation, antithetical; the former, by perceptible stages, begins to lose itself in the latter; and secondly, that

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America's contribution to beneficent social advance may, after all, come through the instrumentality of, and not in spite of, conspicuous, material well-being. Professor Seligman's article on The Case for Capitalism demonstrates the first point, perhaps contrary to intent. Latter-day modifications upon capitalism—such as shorter hours, progressive income and inheritance taxes, and government control—are something different from mere corrections of a fundamental article of faith. They represent rather an evolution of capitalism into a system of production for use instead of profit, and bear witness to the effectiveness of the demand for a more equitable distribution of wealth.

The second point does not sufficiently emerge in these discussions. It is of striking importance. The old Utopias were born in gnawing stomachs. Sudden social change in Russia and Italy sprang from disastrous disorder and want. It is not fantastic to hope that America may exhibit the pleasant irony of the most successful capitalism furnishing robustness and buoyancy for the happiest program of social betterment. The argument is tenable, as with Simon N. Patten, that the new economic order need not arise as a counsel of despair, but may strike its roots in the rich soil of social surplus. It is an old saying that socialism finds no recruits in the bread-line; on the contrary, a groaning national table may conceivably strengthen the arm for good works. It may be that because America has she may resolve to continue to have, and have more wisely.

Space does not permit of comment upon the individual chapters. All of them, with the exception of a childish interjection by Mr. John E. Edgerton, are undertaken seriously, and not only entertain with much information, but swing the mind in a lively waltz of ideas.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

Informality

Studies in Literature, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Third Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

IN THIS new series of Studies in Literature, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch chats informally about many topics. So charming is his manner that the distance from Longinus to The New Reading Public, with pauses en route for Shakespeare's comedies and the history of the English elegy, is not too great for him to traverse pleasantly. The reader's attention is agreeably engaged during the discussion of Coventry Patmore and of W. S. Gilbert, and his interest is stimulated by the enthusiastic toast offered to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. But, though the reader remains enchanted with Sir Arthur's informality, he becomes somewhat annoyed by the slightness of the discussions and he begins to feel that a more substantial treatment of some of the topics would increase the value of the book, if it would not add to its attractiveness.

The form of the work may have much to do with the reader's conviction that, while the book is pleasant, it is not really incisive. The retention of the lecture form into which some of the chapters had originally been cast seems rather artificial to one somewhat distracted by the stock expressions of the lecturer. The technique of the lectures contrasts too strongly with the more finished style of the chapters written as articles for magazine publication and with the careful phrasing of those written as speeches. This unevenness of tone jars the reader and makes him feel that the informality of the writer is sometimes overdone and is often attained by the sacrifice of more desirable qualities.

This impression is heightened by the difficulty we have in discovering, at times, just what Sir Arthur means. Indeed,

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in some passages, we are forced to wonder if he means anything, or if he is not, in his pleasant, leisurely way, simply resorting to talk. Certainly he is often superficial, as, for example, in his treatment of the history of the elegy. At other times the point of Sir Arthur's talk is very apparent by reason of rather constant and fairly frequent reiteration, but his ways of arriving at his goal are often circuitous, not to say tortuous.

This is shown especially in his lectures on Dorothy Wordsworth. Here the author has a subject which is undoubtedly congenial, one for which he displays great sympathy and of which he shows much knowledge. With all this in his favor, he yet contrives to disappoint the reader who comes to him to learn something of this "incomparable" woman. In spite of his evident admiration, the writer dwells not so much on Dorothy Wordsworth, as on a consideration of her influence on her brother—a subject delightful enough in itself but which remains for the most part in the realms of speculation.

MARY STACK.

Spiritual Diary

The Winter Alone, by Evelyn Scott. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00.

EVELYN SCOTT'S book is an incident in the spring flood of literature; any reader who thinks cannot fail to be arrested by it. Whether her thoughts be, strictly speaking, poems or poetical utterances, they resemble an autobiography, the spiritual diary of a mind that for our benefit turns itself inside out in searching and bitter reflection, and because it has the capacity to reflect genuinely upon life, is worth listening to. The author, novelist by profession, poet at heart, is experimenting in a new medium. While she lets herself go emotionally, the expression of her emotion is intellectual. It is only occasionally that she breaks forth in a stirring lyric.

One of the best poems is Early Spring Day:

"How thin and meagre joy
Wasted by the long effort of the winter,
By too much sleep! . . .

The leaves look young
The sound they make
Recalls a sorrow that is old,
A whisper as of tears
Sweetened after a long time.
People in the fields are toiling heavily
To bring forth all the springs they have remembered."

The remarkably clever poems on animals that resemble miniature essays, full of biting wit, will arouse a great degree of interest. Animals are people to Evelyn Scott and with an admirable sarcasm she justifies their existence:

"I saw a baby gazing at me,
Appropriating me to its own blank understanding,
And I thought it was whole.
I saw a madman,
As his sly regard used the whole world
For his design.
When I was instructed by these people,
I had not beheld you, Owl—
Not rightly".

In spite of the flashing beauty in it, The Winter Alone is distinguished by its sombre strength.

LAURA BENET.

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Briefer Mention

Jews without Money, by Michael Gold. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

THIS autobiography is one more page in the history of the Ghetto, the most abominable, beautiful and unchanging of all racial histories. Mr. Gold has an instinct for prose; he is able to bring his own pity and terror within the order of good writing; he is never hysterical. His picture of the East Side is distinguished by two or three beautiful characters, by the excitement, curiosity and understanding with which he approaches the fact of human being, and by the skilful organization of his background. Jews without Money has the cruelty of an older farce, at which we are too civilized to laugh any longer; none the less, that which fuses the elements of this book—the colors, smells, loves, terrors, the actual hatred, the passion for reform—is something no less profound than human laughter. It is a book too human to despair; the wretched, low decay of humanity is balanced by the vigor of humanity.

Early American Prints, by Carl W. Drepperd. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

MR. DREPPERD writes that his book has been designed as "a tool which you can use with profit either to whet the edge of your acquisitive instinct, groom your hobby, or identify your finds." Essentially it is a history of the engraving and allied arts to the Civil War, with lucid comments on the processes involved and valuable lists for the guidance of the collector. The illustrative material is abundant and first rate. One believes the volume will keep its place as a helpful, easily consulted guide. It does not, however, offer anything which might be termed art criticism.

The Car of Croesus, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THIS tale of would-be thrilling episodes, which have to do with an exiled Russian prince now a chauffeur, with a clever and scheming young woman from a Chicago department store, and with the luxurious car bought by them in the desire to "see life" and to make money, may while away one hour if one has hours to spare. But in reading the last of its empty, carelessly done, and, worst of all, quite humorless pages one gives a short sigh for a real thriller and a long, thoughtful, yes, sad sigh for the complete disappearance of Mr. Ernest Poole's art.

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